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Science Lighting Altar Fires

FAITH in God was most profound in an age when men knew least about his laws. As a result, reverence wandered far and set up idols at alien shrines. Ages of omens swayed mankind. Destinies of men and nations were decided by the courses of planets and the flight of birds.

Then science came—with skepticism in its train. The telescope explored the heavens and found no New Jerusalem! In all the realms of space nothing was revealed save more suns and stars and worlds, all moving like machinery. No celestial charioteer drove our sun along its path. In the rays of its luminary, the earth simply spun. The mystery of light and darkness was dispelled!

Similarly other secrets of the universe were made clear. Planet balanced planet in the sky. Gravity, not God, held all things to their appointed courses. The genesis of life remained unknown, but its processes were plain. Sunlight, entering the plant, reappeared in flower and fruitage. It was the sun, earth, and air, not the spirit, that gave life.

Now a new age has come. Man, following the light of science, has discovered again our kinship with the infinite. Faith and philosophy, after warring centuries, worship together in "that fane most catholic and solemn which God hath planned." The spirit returns to its own. Man's long exile from his kingdom is at an end. The genius that evoked a spark from the unseen to mark man's path beholds the Higher Light.

It was the forecast of the Man of Galilee that the world would witness on a large scale the emancipation of the despairing and the healing of the sick. Our age, no longer ignorant of the mighty forces which awed man as supernatural, is utilizing divine laws. Science is joining faith in the consciousness that the spirit of man is dynamic with hitherto unused and uncomputed power—with infinite energy endowed with will. We are learning that the mind is the alembic through which the miracles of God are wrought. Man has found that the divinity within him, responsive to his invocation, can produce unending harmonies; and that health and happiness, which are expressions of infinite harmonies, are free to all.

This is the new teaching of science as well as faith, that the laws of the spirit are as certain as the laws of oxygen and nitrogen; and that Arcady, like the atmosphere, is ours.





"THE CRYSTAL EVENING"

CLARENCE H. WHITE

(*"The Triumph of the Camera"*)

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. XLVII

JUNE, 1909

No. 1



The Triumph of the Camera

By Arthur Hoeber

Illustrated from photographs by permission of The Photo-Secession



HERE is photography and photography. Not all who have the price of a camera, not all even who are reasonably expert in developing and printing, have the divine call to the art. For art it is, in its highest manifestation, the development of which is due to a small coterie of intelligent, studious, artistically equipped men and women. They have gone at their work with enthusiasm guided by discretion, with serious investigation and a proper equipment, and what they do in these days is well worth the intelligent and thoughtful consideration of the most artistically inclined. These men and women have the keenest scent for all the requirements of composition, for the disposition of light and shade, for the pictorial effects; in short, for all that goes to the make-up of a picture, lacking only the question of pigment, for color they do get, as color is understood by the artist in black and white. A long story is this new movement in photography, a story full of discouragement and subsequent triumph, of attainment after many setbacks, of perseverance and courage, of disinterested

activity and no little expense on the part of many, until to-day the "amateur" is recognized as a man of artistic intuitions, deserving of a place in the arts.

The father of the present artistic movement in photography was a Scottish painter, David Octavius Hill, and curiously enough it was a dramatic event which occurred in Edinburgh in 1843 to which we are indebted for the wonderful work he did. It was the occasion of the disruption of the Church in Scotland, when four hundred and seventy ministers rose in the assembly hall, and, resigning their churches, manses, and livings for conscience' sake, left the building in a body. Hill was a witness of the striking and impressive spectacle, and in a rash moment resolved that his art should preserve a record of a scene so memorable. But this task involved the painting of five hundred portraits, and knowing that Sir David Brewster had recently been experimenting with a new process by which the impressions of the camera obscura could be fixed on paper, he consulted him. Sir David told him that the calotype was the thing for his purpose and recommended to him a young chemist, Adamson, of St. Andrews, as a qualified assistant in the

The Triumph of the Camera

technical manipulation. So a partnership was begun, and an extensive series of portraits followed which have never been surpassed. Curiously enough, the original paper negatives are still in existence and are in the hands of an Edinburgh gentleman. The portrait of Lady Ruthven reproduced here surely gives evidence both of the artistic quality of the treatment of the plate and the taste in the arrangement. It is a very epitome of refined old age, while technically it is no less remarkable.

This calotype process was the second in which development played any part, Daguerre's method being the first, and its development is the direct ancestor of the development of to-day. Tom Wedgwood, son of the famous Josiah Wedgwood, a lad of scientific tastes, began experimenting in the new invention of photography before he was of age, and was one of the pioneers. He died at the age of thirty-four, but he made some remarkable discoveries. He was the first to realize that it might be possible to use the light-sensitive properties of substances to make permanent the images given by the camera obscura. He noticed that white leather treated with silver nitrate was more sensitive than white paper. In 1839 a clergyman named Reade was making pictures with a solar microscope, an instrument on the

principle of the magic lantern, arranged so that a beam of sunlight could pass through the microscope in an otherwise darkened room and project the picture of the object on a small screen upon which was placed paper sensitized with silver nitrate; he secured an image, and this result he communicated to a celebrated optician named Ross, who in turn communicated it to one Talbot, and soon the calotype was patented. It became a fashionable craze.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had a studio and dark-room fitted up in the palace at Windsor. Hill became fascinated by the new process, forgetting the original cause of his experiments: there sat to him a remarkable list of distinguished men and women, of whom he made magnificent characterizations. Nearly all his fellow Academicians were thus portrayed by him. He was largely influenced in his viewpoint of portraiture by the art of the great painter Raeburn, whose pictures, of course, are ideal models for anyone to follow. Artists since his time—Hill died as late as 1870—have profoundly admired what he did, none more so than the late James McNeill Whistler and our own John S. Sargent. But Hill followed this fad for some three years only, when he gave it up to resume his painting. After Hill there was a long gap. The wet-collodion process was



"REFLECTIONS"

ANNIE W. BRIGMAN



LADY RUTHVEN

DAVID O. HILL

This photograph was taken in 1843

being perfected and by its detail and delicacy took photographers away on a totally different track. There come the names of Rejlander, a Swede who settled in England, and that of a Mrs. Cameron, who died in 1879, just as the dry plate was being perfected.

Scott Archer, in 1851, had invented the wet-

plate or wet-collodion process. A glass plate was coated with collodion containing metallic iodides, immersed in a solution of silver nitrate, exposed while still wet, developed with a solution of pyrogallol and acetic acids, and fixed in hypo. A negative so obtained gave results equal in fineness of definition to anything that can be got to-day, and the wet-



"SPIDER WEBS"

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

plate process, very slightly modified from the condition in which Archer left it, is used to a large extent at the present time for photo-mechanical work. It was vastly more sensitive than either the calotype or the daguerreotype, but *only* while it was wet. If dried, the

silver nitrate solution crystallized in the film and spoiled it, or if it was washed out most of the sensitiveness went with it. Various ingenious methods were devised to meet this difficulty, but there was no great change until the late seventies, though constant investi-

gation was going on. It was Professor Vogel, of Berlin, who found that by adding certain dyes to the sensitive emulsion it could be made to respond to the colors to which hitherto it had been insensitive. Attempts were made to find some other and more convenient vehicle than collodion, and gelatin was substituted; this was finally so perfected that a dry plate was secured by 1880, exposures were reduced to the fraction of a second, and modern photography had arrived.

By 1885 photography had become a rage in New York. The Camera Club was founded about that time. Nor did photography fail to feel the sweeping changes that had come over art. It was to come under the influence of impressionism, as had the graphic arts. Artistic men all over the world began to consider photography seriously, to experiment with it, to use it as a personal means of expression, generally to acquaint themselves with its possibilities. For with the wonderful advance in a mechanical way, the perfecting of lens, plate, and all that made for the advancement of the process, came the desire to obtain the individual quality in the development and the printing, wherein, after all, lies the secret of the distinction of the finished product. For just as an etched plate may be bitten well or poorly, printed sympathetically or the reverse, according to the endowment of the worker, so, after the image has been caught on the plate, it is the manipulation of the artistic person that gives the photograph its enduring value. It is very easy to call photography a mechanical affair, but it is, after all, only the artistically gifted who first makes a competent selection

"LOMBARDY FLOWING TEAM"



J. CRAIG ANNAN



"THE RAILROAD YARD"

ALFRED STIEGLITZ

of theme and then so manipulates the development and the printing as to render it a thing of value. And feeling, no less than intuition, contributes to the result. In short, it is brains that stand between the effect of sunlight and the plate and decide how it shall come out.

One can readily see how this is. Fancy a plate etched by Whistler, but printed by an

indifferent printer. It would come very far from even approximating that which the master himself would have drawn; for with a closer wiping here, a more delicate rubbing up, sensitive sweeps by the palm of the hand—the manipulation, in short, of the person who knew—the print would take on an entirely different significance. Not only to know the properties of the solutions, to be



"THE JAPANESE LANTERN"

PAUL B. HAVILAND

thoroughly aware of the chemistry of the mixtures, but to have a feeling for change, for depth of light and shade, for textures—all these contribute as much in the photograph as in the etching. I put aside the question of the ability of the hand and brain to draw or color the design in the first place, for the discussion is a long one and leads nowhere in particular. Admitting the rights of both

sides, we are, nevertheless, confronted at one stage of the game with a plate taken to a dark-room, where it is necessary, first, to dissolve certain chemicals, certain films of composition, thereon, then to bring these to a proper, harmonious, and logical conclusion, and subsequently to make a print that shall convey to the observer certain desired results. Obviously the photographer, to be worth

The Triumph of the Camera

serious consideration, must have a notion of the pictorial, must have an abiding sense of composition, and he cannot leave out or arrange to the same extent as does his brother who works with canvas and paint. He must attack his nature at the right place, under the proper conditions of light. For hours will these masters of photography wait, until just the proper effect of light shall have arrived, until the figures in the crowd shall have assumed just the desired grouping, and they will make dozens of experimental shots tending to the one end—a picture.

The worker in photography may use any of a number of methods of securing the end desired, since there are many mediums of expression. There are the gum print, the oil, the platinum, glycerin, bromide, carbon, silver, ozotype, with combinations of one or more of these, or even nearly all; yet invariably there must be the control, the absolute dominance of the artistic mind and hand over these agencies, and it is this that makes it the personal affair, that raises the performance from the mechanical, the perfunctory, the commonplace, to the level of high art.

Within the limits of this article there is left

only the space to make a closing reference to the work of Alfred Stieglitz, who has been a powerful factor in the development of the art in this country, not only through his work and his pen, but through time and money freely expended in its cause.

The Secession owes its inception largely to Mr. Stieglitz, and the Little Galleries of that organization in New York are maintained by him and have been for some years, by reason of a disinterested friendliness for the cause which is dear to his heart.

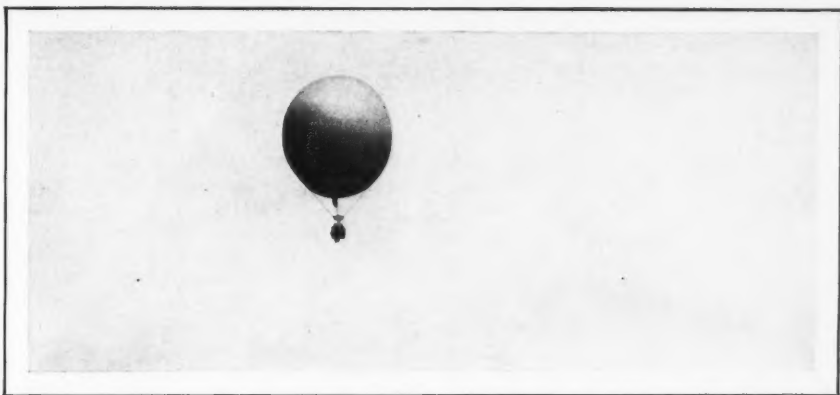
With the introduction of the color-plate a new era in photographic methods again opens up. One is lost in speculation as to the outcome. Even as far as this new invention has gone, and of course it is only in the preliminary stages, a great deal has been accomplished. For with this Lumière process there begins a series of experiments which will attract the brightest minds of the age.

How far will it go? Who shall say? At any rate we may at least accept gratefully that which has already been accomplished, since the availability of the camera for the use of the masses cannot result in other than an added appreciation of nature. If it does this it will surely have been worth while.



"THE MINUET"

FRANK EUGENE



A "Tenderwing" in the Upper Air

By Winthrop E. Scarritt

Editor's Note.—The French company which is manufacturing the Wright type of aeroplane will deliver several machines to amateur aeronauts this summer. All over Europe, and in America, manufacturers of and experimenters with aerial craft of all descriptions are busy turning out various types of air-ships, and hundreds of people will soon be taking their first flight through the air. The following are the realistic impressions of a first voyage, the real heart-registers of a tenderfoot—or tenderwing—of the air. Mr. Scarritt was scared—good and scared—when he saw the earth dropping away and realized that a ball of canvas, thin as a cuff, was all that stood between him and eternity. To you who expect to make an air-voyage, or know some one who contemplates such a trip, it will be interesting to know just how a flight through the air affected one normal man.



At last the day of dreams had come. For had it not been a boyhood dream to step into the car of a balloon and go sailing away into the undimmed blue of the inviting sky? And now I was to cross the line which separates the kingdom of anticipation from that of realization.

I must confess that my devotions that morning were a little more protracted and fervent than usual. However, the time and the place and the man—the pilot—were most opportune, for I was to be the guest of England's foremost balloonist, that prince of splendid sportsmen, Hon. Charles S. Rolls. We were to sail over London, the "Play-

ground of History," as my talented friend C. N. Williamson happily phrased it.

Taking a taxicab at the Savoy Hotel in company with some Canadian friends, we bowled along the bank of the Thames to Shorts Balloon Works, Queens Circus, Battersea Park. It was a clear, crisp afternoon, and the touch of winter was in the air. We turned a sharp corner, and in the distance I caught my first glimpse of our aerial—might it not prove a heavenly?—chariot. It was swaying in the afternoon sun, a great golden ball forty-two feet in diameter, and extending up above the housetops. Its name was the *Venus*, Mr. Rolls, the owner and pilot, gave us a cordial welcome. The other passengers, the Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord and Mr. Jack Humphreys, had already arrived. Meanwhile a strong breeze had

A "Tenderwing" in the Upper Air

sprung up, and as I gazed at the *Venus* swaying to and fro in the wind, and straining at the squeaking ropes, I was reminded of a nervous, blooded race-horse champing at his bits, anxious to be off. Suddenly the question came to my mind, "Where will this impatient, yellow, pot-bellied beast take us, and what will it do with us when it gets us there?"

The balloon basket was about four and a half feet square and about that depth, and was held to the ground by many bags of sand, each having a rope handle and weighing about forty-two pounds.

It is surprising to the layman to see the number of things taken on such a journey. There were a drag-rope, an anchor-rope and anchor, a huge and well-filled lunch-basket, a statoscope—an instrument which indicates whether you are ascending or descending—an anemometer, a thermometer, and a barograph, a little clock-like apparatus which shows by a continuous line on a chart just how many feet one is above the earth. Also we had extra wraps, a good map of England, and seven bags of sand hung on the outside as ballast.

My first surprise on stepping into the basket and looking up at the great distended bag above was to discover that the mouth, or appendix-like opening at the bottom of the balloon, was open and that I could see straight through to the top, where was located the escape-valve. I immediately inquired if it "ought to be like that?" I was told yes, that opening was essential in order to allow the expanding gas to escape, otherwise the balloon would burst. I then inquired whether that opening was large enough to let the gas out fast enough. Mr. Rolls thought it was. But, I persisted, suppose it isn't—what will become of us? "That will depend upon your past life," was the laconic reply. Up to this moment I had felt no alarm or undue anxiety. One by one the helpers unhooked the bags of sand that had been holding us to the earth. At length the basket swung clear of the ground and was only kept from ascending by a half-dozen pairs of strong hands holding it within a foot or two of the earth.

Near us was a huge gas-tank about seventy feet tall. To me it looked seven hundred. The direction of the wind would take us directly toward it. The balloon was edged away by the helpers to the farther side of the enclosure, as far as possible from that

huge round iron tank. Would we hit it? Could we by some miracle miss it? There and then I got my first fright. It was a good, big, paralyzing fright. Oh, how hard, cruel, and altogether repulsive that iron tank looked! There was nothing nice about it. I sat down on a large lunch-basket in the southeast corner of the car and held on for dear life. Some way I didn't feel any inclination to stand up and look about and crack jokes—which jokes seemed to me quite ill timed—as the others were doing. Suddenly I was startled by the cry, "Let go!" I am sure Gabriel's trumpet will not frighten me so much as did that cry, "Let go!" I am still of the opinion that Mr. Rolls need not have said it so loudly. Immediately we were shot into the air as though we were an arrow hurled from a mighty bow. I literally held my breath till we cleared that ugly gas-reservoir, then I looked down and saw the pale up-turned faces of my friends gazing in speechless silence. I thought, "That is the way people look at a funeral," and I was not comforted.

In less time than I am taking to tell it, we were one thousand feet above the earth. How extremely careless of these people to keep standing up and even to lean over and look down when the side of the basket is only waist-high! I suggested that the next time I should insist on a basket that would come up to one's ears. Then occurred to me the story of the hungry boy who asked for the core of the apple his friend was eating with so much gusto, and received the slightly discouraging reply, "There ain't goin' to be no core." So perhaps with me there wasn't going to be any "next time."

Our altitude was now two thousand feet, and we were drifting in a light breeze straight across the city in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral, which we could easily distinguish on account of its dome of gold, which looked about the size of a large football. Just here it may be well to state that anyone who thinks the pilot of a balloon has nothing to do is quite mistaken. Mr. Rolls, ably assisted by Mrs. Harbord—herself a cool and experienced balloonist who owns three fine balloons—made everything snug and taut. The various articles on board were conveniently arranged. The statoscope was keenly watched, and if we began to descend too rapidly a small scoopful of sand was gently sprinkled out. A good, clear map was at hand, and as we progressed



By courtesy of the Goerz Optical Co.

HOW THE LAND AND WATER LOOK FROM A BALLOON

A favorite diversion of balloonists is photographing the wonderful panorama as it unrolls beneath a great height. The above is one of the most remarkable pictures ever obtained in this manner

a red line was drawn indicating constantly our position. My anxiety was not lessened by a troubled look on our pilot's face. Finally I said:

"See here, Mr. Rolls, I can't endure suspense—is anything wrong? Let me know the worst."

"Yes," he said. "I am sorry to say the wind is wrong, and we shall soon have to descend."

"Oh," I replied, "is that all! Well, you

can't go down any too soon to suit me." To this hour I see no good reason for the unseemly laughter which greeted this statement of a simple fact. Presently the wind changed, and, much to Mr. Rolls's relief, we headed away from the water and toward the county of Essex.

All this time I had tenaciously clung to my seat, frightened, cringing, a coward. I imagine my feelings were much like those of a bulldog I remember to have seen pictured

A "Tenderwing" in the Upper Air

in one of the magazines a number of years ago. A huge black snake had seized the bulldog by his stumpy tail. The dog was howling and running for dear life, but the snake held on. Beneath the picture were the suggestive words, "He searches his soul for sounds to tell how scared he is."

I had fully decided that ballooning as a sport was not what it was cracked up to be. Then I began a process of psychologic analysis to determine why I was so scared. I finally discovered the reason. It was the overwhelming sense of abject helplessness. If you are at sea and the ship meets with a serious accident there are the rafts and the life-boats. If you are in an automobile on a steep hill and your brakes give way you can throw in your low gear, or reverse; in other words, you have another chance. But up there amid the silence of the clouds you gaze with helpless, staring eyes upon that envelope of varnished cotton, no thicker than your cuff, and if it splits or goes wrong—well, that piece of cloth is *all* there is between you and eternity; you are face to face with your last chance.

Possibly, if you were high enough and should fall out, the friction of passing through the air would set you on fire, and you would become a living torch. I don't know how that is, but one's imagination plays queer pranks in the upper air. Then I began a course of reasoning to reassure myself. I said: "This is Mr. Rolls's one hundred and second trip. It is Mrs. Harbord's sixty-ninth trip, and neither of them has ever experienced the slightest mishap. Hundreds of human beings have gone up in balloons during the past year, and as no one has been injured the chances are that you are a coward and that you will not be hurt." Then came looming up out of the shadowy land of memory that sentence I had read as a schoolboy in my Vergil, "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*" ("Perhaps it will be a pleasure hereafter to recall even this"), and thus I was comforted. My nervousness and fright suddenly passed away, and Richard was himself again. Soon I found myself standing up looking about at the marvelous panorama unrolling beneath our feet, and presently I could lean over the edge of the basket and look directly down, without fear and without discomfort, at the insignificant earth below. It happens that I belong to that unhappy class of individuals that cannot go up in an elevator or gaze off the top of a

tall building without a feeling of nausea and distressful trembling of the knees. To my surprise there was none of this. Another surprise, there was absolutely no sense of motion. You are going with the wind and can scarcely realize, except by watching fixed objects below, that you are moving at all.

I mention these experiences because it is to be borne in mind that they are those of a tenderfoot—should I say "tenderwing"?—and are written for that vast army of mortals who would like to know what "it is really like" to be "up in a balloon."

As I write these lines my open diary lies before me, and I will quote therefrom:

We left the good old earth at 2.08 P.M. It is now 2.30. My fear has gone. As I pencil these words in peace and calm, we are floating eastward two thousand feet over London. I reflect that we are crossing over the Playground of History. That tiny winding stream far below is the Thames. There is the House of Parliament, and that little toy church near by is Westminster Abbey of blessed memories, the last resting-place of kings and queens and scholars, earth's mighty Anglo-Saxon dead for generations. Now London Bridge comes into view, and London Tower of evil memories. That little green-roofed building is Greenwich Observatory. That golden ball is the dome of St. Paul's, and beneath us is the swarming traffic of the Strand. We look far beyond the hazy rim of London and in imagination see the green meadows of Runnymede and hear the clash of arms at Marston Moor. Across the gulf of the years we can see Caesar and his conquering legions and the white cliffs of Albion. Indeed we are over the Playground of History. 2.40. Our direction is changing for the better, and we are drifting north of east and hence will have a longer ride. We have dropped a thousand feet, and the noises of the city grow clamorous. Mr. Rolls is throwing out sand and closely watching the statescope.

The sun is behind a cloud, and our barograph shows a straight line, indicating that we are sailing on an even keel, as it were—neither ascending nor descending. This is the great desire of sky-pilots. 3.10. We are outside of London. Mr. Rolls announces gleefully that we have passed the Rubicon of our difficulties. He is kind in saying that he is glad I am making my first trip with him.

Mrs. Harbord opens a wonderful lunch-basket, and how delicious are these dainties and our hot tea up here among the clouds which are drifting lazily by like great white ships in a shoreless sea. 3.45. We have suddenly struck an upper current and have soared aloft. We are twenty-six hundred feet above the earth. Yes, it is cold, and we button tight our overcoats. We are over Weald Hall, a delightfully beautiful country estate. From the castle floats the Union Jack and also the Stars and Stripes. God grant they may ever float together in every land where civilization has a home or freedom a banner!

Just now I looked up, and oh, horrors! the balloon is on fire! No, I am mistaken, it is only the gas which is pouring out the mouth of the bag.

To my untrained eye it looks like smoke, and I have been taught that where there is smoke there is likely to be fire. We have lost quite a lot of gas, and the balloon has wrinkles and folds which do not look nice. I anxiously inquire if it ought to do like that. It looks like an enormous, leather-faced, toothless old giant getting ready to devour its victims four. I admire Mr. Humphreys's coolness through it all. Although a "tenderwing" like myself, he is behaving better than I.

Nothing has happened, and I am reassured again. Now we are floating on in the abyss of silence and of space. Above us, the deep blue sky; beneath us, the green fields and changing forests of Merry England, a country so beautiful that it must be dreamland. Now we are going higher. We are thirty-three hundred feet above the footstool and still rising.

Did you ever try to picture a sensation, or paint an emotion? I wish I might. Did you ever ponder over the soul of things? Did you ever dream that you were dead, and as your spirit ascended from your body have you not looked down upon the worn-out casket and marveled at its strange stillness and quiet helplessness? This is my weird sensation as I now look down upon the earth, the grave of all things. Oh, the infinite calm and peace! Oh, the intoxication of the upper air! Time and sense and the trammels of all things material drop from us like a worn-out garment. We are light as air. We are free as birds. We are no longer mortals. We have been unleashed from earth and are on our happy way out into God's infinite, the near clouds our companions and the earth and all its carking cares fading away "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

Thus ends the record of the diary.

Of course this transcendental state of feeling could not long continue, for the day was far spent, and after all we were only mortals who had dared to invade the dominion of the air for a time, and before us was the practical problem of making our descent.

Darkness falls quickly in England, and we had already remained up too long. We decided, however, that we would come down near the ground and trail a bit. Our impedimenta were tucked carefully away, the drag-rope two hundred and fifty feet long was allowed to drop, and it went hurtling down, unwinding gracefully, like the coils of a great serpent. Our pilot seized the valve-rope, and watching the statoscope cautiously allowed the gas to escape. When we were within five hundred feet of the ground we passed over a graveyard. It was the uncanniest-looking graveyard I have ever seen.

At three hundred feet I looked up, and straight ahead of us I saw approaching the stone steeple of a great church. I exclaimed, "Oh, we are going to strike that steeple!" Mr. Rolls gazed calmly at it for a while and said, "No, I do not think so."

But that obtrusive steeple kept coming nearer and nearer, and to my excited mind it seemed to fill the whole horizon. As a matter of fact we missed it about a quarter of a mile, but in the archives of memory it will forever loom large and ominous.

By the aid of the megaphone we could now talk with people on the ground, and ascertained that we were in Essex County five miles from Chelmsford. At a height of two hundred feet, with fifty feet of our drag-rope trailing, I discovered that we were going much more rapidly than I had supposed. Thus in the twilight we skimmed the surface of the earth for at least two miles, to the accompaniment of the shouts of the country people and the barking of the frightened dogs.

Mr. Rolls pointed out an open field a half-mile ahead and said we would land there. He requested Mrs. Harbord to drop the anchor on his signal. My nervousness suddenly came back, and I thought, "Here is where I am going to get mine." And I did. The basket struck with a good thud. With knees bent, and leaning forward as I had been instructed, in some unaccountable way I got my left foot tangled up with the lunch-basket and went down in a heap in the bottom of the car. The balloon again started heavenward, but our good pilot let it rise only a few feet, then pulled the rip-cord, and we settled back to earth as gently as a tired child into its mother's arms.

It developed that I had a badly sprained ankle and a simple fracture of the large bone of the left leg. Fortunately our landing was near Woodlands, a charming country home, and there, through the gracious hospitality of the hostess, I received first aid to the injured, and an hour later was able to return to my hotel in London. This accident is not at all chargeable to the sport of ballooning. We had perfect weather, a fine balloon, and a most skilful pilot. One might, and indeed sometimes does, sprain an ankle or break a bone stepping off a street-car or other slight elevation.

For ten years I have been an ardent devotee of motoring. I must admit, however, that its supremest moments are not to be compared to the joyous raptures, to the splendid intoxication, of the air. How many centuries the human race has dreamed of its conquest! But the dreams of yesterday are the realities of to-day and the commonplaces of to-morrow.



SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BY THE COFFIN AND BOWED HER HEAD UPON
THE SHEET-COVERED WOOD

("His Lady of an Hour")

His Lady of an Hour

By G. B. Lancaster

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker



THE God of Work is not merciful to all men alike, though they bring him their muscle and sinew and the eager strength of their manhood. Lew Holderness had brought these things many times without avail during the last seven months' fruitless searching for a billet; and when Steel, skipper of the pearling-brig *Aurora*, lifted him suddenly out of his despair and pitchforked him into the position of second mate aboard the *Aurora*, Lew went out and pawned the old signet ring which had been pawned five times before, and then turned into the Wharf Hotel to celebrate.

"Five hours before I need to be aboard," he said. "Five hours! Lord! A man can turn a town inside out in less time than that."

He was going to do something which would affect him rather more, but he did not know it. Life has a way of springing her tests on men and then sitting back to see how they take them.

The very ring of his feet lifted the eyes of the men in the bar, and Tommy Ives turned with the usual joke, a joke that had been worn cruelly threadbare in these last months.

"Goin' to shout us, Lew? Mine's a gin cocktail."

"Yes." Lew pulled himself up on the counter and grinned at them with his eyes lit. "Yes. Make you all drunk if you like. Fill up, Joe. And if there's a man here who's been to the Thursday Island pearling-beds just lately I'll make him blind drunk."

Five voices claimed the distinction, and Lew plucked from their midst a slim, wizened man and brought him up to the bar.

"Wade in, Captain," he said, "and tell me some o' the truth you know, and all the lies. Ah-h! but you smell o' the shell, though."

The whole room smelled of it, and of the salt sea, and the tar, and the fruit-laden boats in the river without. And Lew sat on the counter, snuffing it up, with his heart lifting

for desire of the groaning rollers under a boat laden to the taffrail, and of the deep-sea wind screaming through the rigging at midnight. The world seemed to him suddenly a very good place, vivid with life and delight; and the haze of yellow light through the cloud of smoke was a beacon of hope to his heart.

There was a little stir about the bar-parlor door. Then the barman looked at Lew, grinning.

"A lady waitin' to see yer," he said. "In there. She would not give her name at all."

Lew slid off the counter promptly, and the questions hit him: "Not expectin' that, was yer?" "Is that *Aurora* herself, Lew?" "Whose young la-dy is she, Lew?"

This last was Jimmy Taylor from the *Condamine*, and the company roared approval, for Lew Holderness would fight a man and make love to a woman with equal delight, and all the town knew it. Lew laughed over his shoulder, with the light striking the bare column of his throat and the gay, virile face above it.

"Not yours, my innocent," he said, and the company approved again; for girls were scarce in the township, and Jimmy was frankly ill favored.

"If it was I'd not let her be speakin' wi' you," he shouted.

Lew wheeled where he stood. His voice was as level as his eyes, but it was the cold, deadly level of steel. "If you'd like to prove that," he said, "you needn't wait till the girl turns up."

Jimmy looked at him, then dropped his eyes. "Guess p'r'aps I'll wait," he muttered.

"Guess p'r'aps you're pretty safe if you do," returned Lew dryly. And then he turned in at the bar-parlor door and shut it behind him.

A girl stood by the table with one hand on the shabby oilcloth, and the flicker of the gas-bracket made a half-light over her. Lew halted, holding the door-knob, and he stared at her with a swift lifting of his eyebrows; for

she did not at all belong to the order of women whom he had seen in the township or in this dingy little room. There was fur about her stately shoulders and fur on the well-carried head, and her voice held the slow trained charm of a woman born to high places.

"Mr. Holderness," she said, "you know my brother, Charlie Deland? He wrote telling me of his illness and giving his address in care of you. I have come up to nurse him. Will you tell me where he is, please?"

At midday Lew had helped the township doctor put Charlie Deland in his coffin. He lay there still, waiting for the morrow, and those who had spoken of Charlie's last move seemed to approve it as they had not approved many of his former ones. For the first time Lew regretted it. He stared at the girl, and his lips went suddenly dry.

The girl drew herself up an ace. Lew was a tall man, but her eyes met his levelly.

"You are Mr. Holderness?" she asked.

"Yes," Lew was reaching out for his wits rapidly.

"And you know where my brother is?"

"I—I—yes."

There is some doubt as to whether the body still constitutes the man when the soul is taken from it. Lew did not care to hazard an opinion concerning the resting-place of Charlie Deland's soul.

"Then you will take me to him at once, if you please," said the girl, and gathered her furs round her.

It was the manner of a woman accustomed to command by virtue of her beauty, her social standing, and her birth. Lew recognized this, and it delighted him, for he had not seen such things so closely before. He turned to the side door leading to the street. Then he paused. In the shanty which he had shared with Charlie Deland were loneliness and quiet, and the little back room where the boy lay would take her grief and hide it from the eyes of men; but it seemed to him that there could be few more brutal things than to take this girl, unprepared, into that silent room. He looked at her again, stammering for words.

"T-There's no hurry, is there?" he said.

He could not well have said a worse thing, and he knew it when the girl's indignant eyes met his.

"Come," she said, and swept past him to the pavement and the chill of the sea-breathing night. And Lew obeyed, as all men obeyed when she commanded them.

The moonlight flung their shadows black before them on the rough stones. A pale nimbus showed round the head of each shadow as it shows only in lands where a white night is vivid as day. Lew had never by any law of his life deserved a nimbus before, but in some vague way he was qualifying for it just now; for all the chivalry and the pity of his nature were waking to help Charlie Deland's sister in the sorrow that was coming to her.

He glanced at her as they turned up the little side street, and what he saw troubled him distinctly. For her proud mouth was quivering, the glint of tears unshed was on her dark lashes, and something infinitely childish and appealing suggested itself in the little curl of fair hair round her ear.

Then Lew girded his loins and buckled on the breastplate of truth. "Charlie never expected you to come," he said.

"It is customary to prefer nursing one's relation oneself instead of leaving him to strangers," said the girl.

"Oh, I say. I'm not a stranger to Charlie."

"You didn't appear to know much about him just now."

This took Lew in the wind, and he had no counter. He kept silence until the row of squalid tin shanties lessened and hedges of prickly-pear raised their fleshy flat leaves along the track. Then he said,

"I know as much about him as anyone does now."

The girl wheeled on him. Her eyes—they were very beautiful eyes—sent a shiver through Lew to his boot-heels. For he had got to put shadow into them.

"That is epigrammatic," she said suavely; but Lew, interpreting into his own language, knew that it meant, "Are you quite sober?"

"Yes," he said hurriedly. "I mean—yes, of course. And—er—here's the door."

She did not hesitate as he pushed the door wide, showing the gaping blackness within, and a thrill of admiration at her courage ran along his veins. Then he followed her into the little weather-boarded living-room, struck a match that quivered faint light over its bachelor untidiness, and stood a moment with sudden remembrance twitching his heart-strings. By lawful rule of the game he should have been packing his effects by now; in two hours the key would be left in the landlord's hands, and the shanty would again be to let. For the other tenant did not intend to come back any more than Lew did. Then he

crossed to the shelf, lit the small lamp with its broken chimney, and turned to her. The collar of his shirt did not touch his throat, but he felt as though hands choked him. Never in all his days had he been nearer cowardice.

"I—I have something to say to you before you see him," he blurted.

The girl threw off her cloak, and he noted that the long supple lines of her figure were as perfect as her face. "Yes?" she said.

"It is something that I find it rather difficult to tell you," said Lew, and the tone of his voice brought her eyes fairly on him.

His dress was rough, his hair was too long, and the firm square chin was unshaven; but what the girl read out of the whole gave her trust in this stranger of the night.

"Is he—drunk?" she said steadily. "You need not be afraid to tell me of that."

"No. But—well, I don't know how long it is since he wrote you—he never spoke of his home folks—but he has been ill a good while, and—and I'm afraid you'll find him changed, you know."

The girl put out her hands gropingly. They caught at a chair-back and rested there. Lew noted the glitter of rings, many rings and very costly, on her white fingers, and he wondered what manner of woman this was who put such temptation in the way of an unknown man.

"Tell me," she said, and her breath was shortened.

"He has been awfully ill," said Lew, standing stiffly. "And he had suffered a—alot. He—he was bound to, you know, after the—the way he had—had fooled with himself, you know. I—he—"

"What do you mean?" said the girl, dropping her words slowly. Her big eyes were rounded and full of light. They seemed to grow bigger in the little room, and Lew's tongue was dumb before them. "Do you mean that Charlie is dead?"

The words dropped slow and detached again. They hit Lew like separate hailstones and unnerved him badly.

"I—I—on my soul it's best for him," he said. "If you knew—if you'd seen him—oh, good Lord!"

Lew had seen women faint on the stage many times, but they did not do it as this girl did. Possibly it was because he caught her before she reached the floor and also because the sense of criticism was not in him just then. But he had to lay her on the floor, among the uncleaned boots and the crumpled news-

papers and the riding-gear that had been Charlie's; and he had to leave her there while he dashed out to the water-butt with a cracked jug, stumbling over many things on the way and leaving a trail of drippings as he came back to her.

She was the fairest, most delicate thing that Lew's hands had touched in all their thirty years, and the fine hair about her forehead twisted in little curls round his fingers as he swabbed water over her clumsily. They seemed to twist round his brain, round his heart, and the unknown fragrance that hung about her put her apart from the coarse tobacco-and-drink smells of his daily life and into a strange sweet class of her own. His teeth were shut, and there were drops on his own forehead when she opened her eyes again.

"Charlie?" she whispered.

Lew got his arm round her, lifting her up against his shoulder. "Drink this," he said, and his voice was curt by reason of the feeling that shook him.

She put her lips to the cracked jug and drank. Then Lew, watching with eager eyes, saw memory come back, whitening her face and drawing deep lines on its softness.

"When?" she whispered.

Lew hesitated. It were better to lie, but he could not lie under those eyes. "This morning," he said.

He felt the shudder run through her, and the lines on the softness grew deeper. But her eyes were dry, and this frightened him. He had heard that under great stress women needs must cry or go mad. She pushed him off and stood up, but she tottered on her feet.

"Take me to him," she said.

He glanced toward the inner door, latched with a piece of greasy string. He was desperately afraid, and in his fear he stammered out some words without meaning. Then, with a quick oath half said in his throat, he snatched up the lamp and followed her, for the white shining fingers were fumbling at the greasy string.

It was a little unlined lean-to, with moonbeams straggling through the nail-holes in the roof of corrugated iron and pouring in a soft radiant flood between the top of the rough wall and the stringers. The floor was tramped earth, littered with rubbish; and, flat on the floor, in his coffin roughed out of stringybark, Charlie Deland slept more peacefully than he had slept since Lew knew him.

The squalor of all this had not struck home to Lew before. It was a part of his daily life,

and he had seen many men go to their last sleep with less of death's majesty about them than Charlie Deland held now; but when the girl made the three steps that brought her to the room-center, dropped on her knees by the coffin, drew the covering from the face that Lew had hidden without any sorrow, and bowed her head upon the sheet-covered wood, a sudden shame burned him for bringing her here to see this. Then fiercer shame scorched him that he himself should stay to see the brother and the sister meet. He went back to the dark living-room, found a seat, and sat waiting, with his head in his hands.

It was the keenest purgatory that life had given him yet; for sobs came from the lean-to, and piteous broken words, and girlish caressing speech such as Charlie Deland had never deserved this last six years. Lew bit his lips, not daring to deafen his ears for fear that she might faint again. And the broken voice went on, and the tearing agony of the sobs, until Lew's nails were clenched into his hands and sweat stood on his forehead. By all his manhood, by all the pity and the chivalry deep sunk in him somewhere, he wanted to go in there and take the girl in his arms and give her such comfort as living, breathing tenderness could give.

Silence came at last, intermittently and slowly. Then Lew looked through the door noiselessly with his face twitching. The sleep of exhaustion had caught her where she knelt with her arm thrown across her dead brother and her cheek laid down to the edge of the wood. The pale of her face and her dress in the moonlight made him think of an angel that he had seen in some graveyard, and his heart leaped up in anger that she should come to such as Charlie Deland. Then a knocking at the outer door wheeled him to it with quicker anger in his eyes, for no man had the right to pry here on this night.

He had forgotten all the life outside the room until the world beyond the outer door showed him the *Aurora's* first mate with the smell of the sea heavy on him. And the *Aurora's* first mate was uncivil.

"What the diversified dickens d'you mean by keeping us waiting in this diversified way?" he began. Lew drew the latch with a click behind him, and stood out on the rough footpath with the call of the rising sea and the sea-smell to help him through with this.

"When does the *Aurora* sail?" he asked.

"She should 'a' gone an hour ago, an' you know that as well as the next man; but we've

been turning the town upside down for you. They said at the pub that you'd cleared off with some girl. Well, I tell you the skipper hasn't any time for such foolery. You're to be aboard the old hooker in five minutes or he's taking on Joe Hanson."

From the river came a Kanaka chorus as a native crew brought the anchor of an outgoing hulk to the cat-head. Lew could see her lights blinking red through the white of the moonlight, and almost his feet could feel the throb of her engines as her heart beat fast in eagerness to reach the sea. In the gutter outside the hotel at the corner a man sat with his head against the horse-trough, talking to himself in the peculiar, solemn tones of the half-drunk, and from the bar itself came a burst of noisy laughter. It was the old, stale, squalid life that Lew's soul loathed and that his body and soul ached to leave. He stood still. He heard what the sea was saying to him, and his heart answered. But within the lean-to behind him was something that spoke louder. There was no woman in all the place whom he could bring to Charlie Deland's sister to help her through with the morrow. And very assuredly there was no man. He looked at the mate.

"Tell the skipper he can have Joe Hanson," he said. "Joe's passable when he's been safe at sea for a week."

The first mate objected luridly, for he knew that Lew was more than passable even from the beginning.

Lew backed to the door again. "Go and spring that on Joe," he said. "I've no use for your comets to-night, Dicey. So-long." Then he shut the door on the amazed first mate, and stood very still in the little dark room, with hands closed and eyes staring at nothing.

"What's the betting that it isn't the track again?" he said. "And a stone out o' one o' those rings o' hers would keep me in tucker and baccy for a year. Well, it's a queer world—and I haven't got a brown to buy her a mouthful with. I wonder if there's a blessed thing here that I could put up the spout."

He struck a match up his leg and glanced around. Then he picked Charlie Deland's bridle out of the litter and felt it over, until the light went out, burning his fingers.

"Fair does," he said. "I might raise a bob or two on it at Milligan's—and Charlie won't want it again. Besides, she has lost me my billet."

But there was no resentment in him when he brought her strong, coarse tea and fat, heavy buns in the glare of the morning light. Instead there was an anxious tenderness and a clumsy reverence such as touched her to tears more than once and forced her to eat and drink that he might be content. Her skin was as fair and unlined as a child's in the merciless light, though her dark eyes were heavy, and the brave smile on her lips hurt Lew more sharply than her tears of last night.

"There's the *Gunyah* goes south in three hours," he said. "She's a decent little boat, and I think you'd be all right on her. Shall I fix up your ticket for you?"

"Will—will——"

Lew nodded gravely. "It was to be at ten sharp," he said. "The parson is going on to Bullswool."

It was not necessary to add that the parson and all the rest of the township were going to a race-meeting; but Lew had something more to say.

"It—it won't be a very first-class show, I'm afraid," he told her. "We don't keep much style up here, you know, and Charlie—he wasn't very well known, you know."

Charlie Deland was as well known as Miligan's whiskey-barrel—which he had resembled too closely to gain the reverence of his fellows. The girl's lips quivered again.

"I understand," she said. "Thank you."

Then Lew went out and beat up the township to do last honors to Charlie Deland. And when all was done and he stood with her on the deck of the dirty little *Gunyah*, watching the last crates of bananas and the last bales of cotton swing in ship, he felt some pride in his management of affairs. For sixty of the townsfolk had followed Charlie and the girl and Lew to the little barren cemetery beside the sea, and there had been no unseemly jubilation such as had been confidently expected.

The girl had said little to Lew in these hours, but his hand had held hers while the parson rapidly committed Charlie Deland to the earth whereon he had groveled so long, and her shoulder touched his arm now as she leaned back in her deck-chair.

Suddenly she looked up at him, and the smile in the dark eyes quickened Lew's breath; for already he would have given more than was ever likely to be his for the certainty that he should see the girl again.

"You don't want me to put it into words, do you?" she asked. "I think you are one of

those who understand. I shall never forget you, and I shall never cease to be grateful for all that you have done for me and mine. But there are no real words to tell it in."

Lew stooped over her. The groan and the creak of the crane, the shouts of men, the clamor of sea-gulls, and all the noise and smells of the harbor were dead about him. He had nothing but the clothes he stood in and some few unpaid debts, and the jewel at her throat would have left a big balance out of his ordinary year's earnings. But there is a thing which overrides common sense at times.

"I don't want you to put it into words," he said. "But—may I come and see you? Some day may I come south to your home and see you?"

His voice was hoarse, and his eyes were eager. This girl had brought him nearer the finer things of life than ever his own feet had taken him, and he was jarred out of contentment with his lot. She put her hand on his, and the gleam of the many rings called a passing Kanaka's eyes to her sharply.

"Indeed you may," she said. "We shall always be glad to see you, my husband and I. Yes, come; he will thank you better than I can for all that you did for me—and for Charlie."

Her eyes brimmed, and she looked past him to the tumbling, shining sea. Lew straightened, with his hands shut as though to meet a blow. But the blow had been struck. For a little space he stood, unmoving and unspeaking. Then bare feet raced on the deck, the anchor swung dripping to the cat-head, and Lew crossed the gangway at the last possible moment. He had given her no good-bys that he knew of, but as the *Gunyah* nosed round in the mud the girl leaned over the bulwark with her handkerchief blown out on the wind. His lips twitched with half-laughter at himself as he bared his head to her under the hot sun.

The *Gunyah* went out noisily, belching black smoke and squatting her broad beam in the water. But Lew saw her dimly; the eyes of his memory were watching the *Aurora* running downwind to the pearly-grounds. Then he shook his shoulders and turned back to the town.

"Well," he said. "But I'd have done it all the same. I'd have done it. And I wonder if it'll ever strike you that I don't know your name or where you live, my lady of the sweetest lips that ever a man wanted to kiss—and didn't."



The Sage Cinderella and the Precipitate Prince

By Gertrude Pahlow

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

DELANCEY strayed through the station with a roving eye and a mind alert for adventure. His vagabond mood was upon him; he longed for new sights and experiences; the thought of business, of responsibility, of decent deference to convention, revolted him. The restraining influence of his maiden aunt having been stowed away on board the Western express, he was in a dangerous situation. To the expert imagination, the myriad shining lines that stretch out from a railway station offer as alluring suggestions as the crowding funnels of a busy harbor; there is a possible adventure at the end of each beckoning track. And spring was in the air. Truly it was a moment of peril for Delancey.

However, he made a show of resistance. "I will only walk, by way of a constitutional, once to the end of the station and once back

again," he said to himself, "and if nothing happens within that time I will go forth and bind my nose firmly to the grindstone. I won't look to the right nor to the left, and I won't take up with any makeshift adventure. It is my earnest determination and my—my passionate desire to stick to the path of duty."

Once he made his slow promenade, and absolutely nothing occurred. He turned to retrace his steps; a man jostled him and stopped to apologize; a fat old lady dropped a bag of apples at his feet, and he gathered them up and tied them securely in his silk neckerchief and returned them to her; and then he was almost at the end of the station once more. His heart sank. The path of duty seemed the only one open to him. He walked more and more slowly; his hope oozed dismally out through the soles of his shoes; the desk in his office drew nearer and more odiously near. And then—just at the psychological moment—something happened.

A girl flashed past him, running at her swiftest speed for a train which was evidently on the point of departing without her. But as she reached the gate some unseen obstacle caught her foot; she tripped, retrieved herself, and hesitated a second; then the conductor called out warningly, and she ran on. Delancey, glancing at the place where she had stumbled, started with delighted surprise. In front of the gate a board, brought for use in repairing the floor, obtruded itself; and beside it, lying directly in his path, was a neat brown shoe.

The girl was already on the train. The gate had closed. There was but a moment to decide. However, it did not take that long; Delancey reached the spot at a bound, seized the shoe, slipped through the gate of the next track, and swung himself onto the steps of the last car just as the train was pulling out of the station. It must be said for Delancey that he knew an adventure when he saw one.

Radiant of face and thankful of heart, he entered the car and sat down to the contemplation of his find. He had caught the observation-car; thus early in the journey it was untenanted, and he was free to sniff the pleasant savor of the situation at will. The shoe was a very natty, jaunty affair of the "pump" variety, made of a peculiarly dark and expensive-looking leather, and graced with a buckle of burnished brown enamel in the center of a flat brown bow—clearly the shoe of a woman of discernment, if not charm. In his large, masculine hand it seemed a diminutive thing, though the number five was plainly visible within it; and he observed with pleasure that its whole effect was agreeably worldly and unhygienic. "I admire the principle of those good-sense canal-boats," he said to himself, "but I'll be jiggered if they stimulate the spirit of romance."

From the shoe to its wearer was but a step—though the poor damsel had probably thought it a long one as she ran stocking-footed to the train. Delancey searched his memory for a picture of her, but he could

recall nothing except a hazy impression that she wore blue. However, the shoe spoke for itself. She must be young, she must be a thoroughbred, she must be of a cultivated and discriminating taste; and it was ten chances to one that she was pretty, too. As Delancey sat contemplating her charming foot-gear a brilliant inspiration flashed into his mind. "I will marry her," he said. "This is a clear beam from my guiding star. I will go through the world, like Cinderella's prince, hunting for the lady who fits this shoe; and when I find her I will secure the privilege of putting on her shoes for life."

Delancey was a man of action. He rose at once and pocketed the shoe; and, the conductor happening opportunely by, he secured the rights of a passenger on board the fateful train. But just as he was setting out upon his search a new thought stayed him, and he sat down again.

"I am not going to marry her *foot!*" he told himself severely. "I must have a mental shoe to try on her mind. I'll propound a test-phrase, and she must answer it. Let me see. 'Who can tell where the shoe pinches?' No, no; that's ungallant. 'Whom the shoe fits, let him put it on'—that sounds Scriptural and unsuitable. 'Shoe the old

horse, and shoe the—' Good heavens, worse and worse! 'What's shoes for the goose is shoes for the—' Look here, I'm getting maudlin. Quotations don't seem to be my strong point." He buried his face in his hands for a moment, thinking deeply. Then suddenly he straightened up, alight with satisfaction. "'What boots it?'" he exclaimed. "That's the very thing—poetic, philosophical, impersonal! 'What boots it?' Why, the phrase has the dignity of a chaperon.

It was coined by the gods for the express purpose of picking out a wife for a man."

Elated and eager, he sprang to his feet and hurried forth. It took but a moment to leave the observation-car, push through the empty dining-car, and enter the rear Pullman. But here, smitten by a sudden misgiving, he paused. He had not realized the magnitude of his undertaking. The Pull-



SEARCHED HIS MEMORY FOR A
PICTURE OF HER

man was full; to his bewildered gaze nearly all its occupants seemed to be girls, and all appeared to be clothed in blue. It was a proposition to make the stoutest falter. Moreover, a conventional, unimaginative air brooded over the place; it seemed an assembly ill prepared to don pumps at the hands of strange princes, or to answer the question "What boots it?" out of a clear sky.

However, Delancey was not so easily cowed. He went at once to the forward end of the car and turned for a rigorous inspection. From this point of vantage many who had seemed eligible from the rear no longer appeared so. Some were cross-eyed; some were cross-mouthed; some had their feet crossed in front of them, and both their shoes on. When his eyes had finished their tour of elimination, there were only two left who might possibly answer all the requirements. Of these, one shifted her position as he started toward her, and showed a pair of neat patent-leather oxfords. Delancey's heart lightened, and he strode boldly down the aisle.

The other eligibility was a very trim, very pretty, very aloof young person who sat on the sofa at the extreme rear of the car. She wore a neat blue broadcloth suit of a conservative cut, a small, discreet blue hat set exactly upon the middle of her head, and heavy tan gloves. Her feet were put so directly and exactly in front of her that not even a suspicion of their existence could be gained from the most careful survey. She was very young and very well bred; and from her came the subtle but unmistakable emanation of Boston.

Delancey had a moment of foreboding as he approached her. "However," he thought, "when the ice is broken the water is often warmer than you expect." So he went at once to her side, and, bowing formally, accosted her.

"I caught the train just as it was starting," he said, "and have not yet had an opportunity to secure a chair. Will it inconvenience you if I sit down temporarily on this sofa?"

"Not at all," said the young lady irreproachably; and she receded into the farthest corner of the seat.

Delancey sat down. There seemed for the moment nothing more to say, and he felt disconcerted by the fact. Was this the way for a lady to welcome a possible husband?

He was full to the brim with conversation; but a conversation, like a quarrel, takes two to make. His pregnant test-question, instinct with significance, trembled on his lips; but he was powerless to utter it. How could he, without preface, brutally demand "What boots it?" of a young lady who was apparently unaware of his existence? He stared frowningly at the back of the chair in front of him, waiting for something to happen. The young lady from Boston gazed out of the window.

This painful suspense lasted for some five minutes—absolutely the limit of Delancey's patience. Then he determined to stake all on a bold throw. She was clearly not going to offer him any assistance; but once mention the fateful word, and she was certain to give some sign—a start, a blush, a conscious look. He glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. It was obvious that she did not know that such a person as he had ever been born. He put out his foot stealthily and kicked over her suit-case.

The young lady jumped, but in a very quiet, Bostonian way. At the same time she drew her feet a little more closely underneath her.

"I beg your pardon!" said Delancey earnestly. "It was very awkward of me. I fear you will find it inexcusable."

"Oh, no," said the young lady coldly.

"It was the fault of my shoes," said Delancey with emphasis. "They are so heavy that I can hardly control them. They slip out and do things when I least expect it. Shoes are capable of giving a great deal of trouble."

"I dare say," said the young lady icily.

Delancey sighed. She was making it very difficult for him. He lacked courage to pursue the subject along these lines; she seemed incredibly unappreciative of his efforts. So he relapsed again into silence, and cast about for some other handle to the dilemma.

The paper-and-magazine boy came down the aisle, his arms loaded with his wares, his mouth filled to overflowing with his slogan: "Papiess! Papiess! All the newest magazines—*Carper's*, *Scribbler's*, the *Pedantic*, just out to-day! All the illustrated weeklies!" Some one stopped him. He tried to extract a newspaper from the mound in his arms and continue his vociferations at the same time. The undertaking proved too great, the whole structure trembled, toppled, and fell; and with a "Gee!" that came from

an anguished heart the boy beheld his lofty burden scatter over the floor.

"Dear me!" said Delancey, ready to hang his conversation on any possible peg. "That boy is like the old woman who lived in a *shoe*—he has so many papers he doesn't know what to do."

No answer, except a more complete view of the neat blue shoulder. Delancey felt depressed. Still it seemed necessary to persevere; if he did not probe this matter to the bottom his search would be at a standstill. So he continued pleasantly:

"And yet, with all his papers, probably he never reads. They say, you know, that the shoe-maker's children never have shoes. How annoying for them to have to go stocking-footed!"

Still no answer. Delancey felt discouraged, but it was too late now to abandon the undertaking. Nerving himself, and taking a long breath, he plunged on recklessly.

"However," he said, "the best of shoes wear out; and when their day is done, he who has none is as well off as he who formerly had a pair. So what boots it?"

The young lady turned suddenly in her seat and faced him, and for the first time she delivered herself of a full-sized sentence. "It strikes me," she said with chill emphasis, "that this is a singularly bootless conversation," and as she spoke she crossed her feet firmly and decidedly, and it was seen that she wore high buttoned boots of box calf.

Delancey jumped to his feet, suppressing a sigh of relief. "If it seems so to you," he said courteously, "far be it from me to prolong it. Permit me to thank you for the use of this sofa and to wish you a very good day." So saying, he bowed in a courtly fashion and walked briskly away.

"Well," he said to himself, "that's something accomplished in the cause of truth! I am tremendously relieved that it wasn't that one. I should have had to build a fire under her footstool to keep her shoes from



"NOT AT ALL," SAID THE YOUNG LADY IRREPROACHABLY

freezing on. Yet she is a credit to her bringing up. It might be a real pleasure to put on her shoes if she had been personally introduced to the shoe-horn."

By this time he had crossed the vestibule into the next car, and stood surveying his new field of activity. The dazed mist had faded from his eyes, and he saw this assembly exactly as it was—half men and nearly all the other half respectable presidents of women's clubs. One or two elderly damsels cast interested glances at him, but he looked kindly and pityingly at their stubby shoes and passed them by. There was only one real possibility in the car. This was a plump, fair young person in an exquisite blue voile gown, with long *écru* gloves and an *écru* lace hat tilted sportively to one side. Her feet were on a cushion, and her long skirt covered them entirely.

Delancey sauntered slowly along the car, struggling to form a plan of action. However, no effort on his side was necessary. While he was still some distance off, the girl raised a pair of eyes as blue as her gown and glanced at him; then, dropping them, she turned in her seat and rang for the porter.

The porter was at the farther end of the long coach, and Delancey was close at hand. It was so simple that it was almost pathetic.

The Sage Cinderella and the Precipitate Prince

He stopped at her side, bowed deferentially, and inquired, "Could I serve you in any way?"

"Oh, *would* you?" said she, looking at him pleadingly. "I want my bag for a moment, and it's too heavy for me to lift."

"Permit me!" said Delancey, and in a twinkling he set the bag—a handsome affair of thick, crusty alligator—at her side.

"Thank you *so* much!" said the girl. Then, fixing her blue eyes on his and hesitating demurely, she added, "It's a shame to trouble you any more, but would you mind stopping, as you go down the car, and telling the porter to come and put it back? It's *so* heavy!"

"If you will allow me," said Delancey promptly, "I will stay here until you have finished with it, and put it back myself."

"Oh, how good of you!" she said. "Won't you sit down? I'm afraid I must keep you waiting a few minutes, and it's too bad to make you stand."

Delancey needed no urging. The car was a sleeper, and the young lady in blue had apparently engaged the whole section, so that the seat opposite her was vacant. The two high backs enclosed them at once in an almost domestic privacy.

"I'm so grateful to you for this kindness!" said the young lady, taking a bottle of smelling-salts out of the bag, and then putting it back in again. "It's dreadful traveling alone. I had an awfully uncomfortable trip East."

"Did you have to come a long way alone?" inquired Delancey. The lady's extreme accessibility relieved him of the necessity of plunging headlong into his subject.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Only from Colorado. Dad brought me there."

Delancey started; he had the Easterner's superstitious reverence for long distances. "I should have thought that far enough," he said. "Where do you come from?"

"From Puget Sound. Once I came the whole way in four days," she remarked. "That's going some, isn't it?"

"I should say it was," said Delancey, awestruck. "Do you come East often?"

"Not very often," she said. "Only about twice a year, to do my shopping. Last year I came four times, but that was because the styles in shoes changed so fast."

Delancey jumped in his seat. She was actually throwing his opportunity into his face! He leaned forward and fixed her with his earnest gaze.

"Are you interested in shoes?" he asked.

"Oh, awfully!" she said. "I think they're the most important article of one's dress. I'm taking fourteen new pairs back with me now."

"A little while ago," said Delancey impressively, "I happened to see a remarkably pretty shoe. It was cut sort of—sort of décolleté, you know—and it slanted in at the back, something like a donkey's hoof—and it had sort of—of—trimmings—buckles and bows and things—on the front. The buckle was brown, about the color of a horehound cough-drop." He looked at her anxiously, to see what effect his description might have.

She seemed extraordinarily unmoved. "Oh, yes," she said, "that was a pump—one of Schumacher's styles, I should think. That kind with the enamel buckle costs seven dollars. I don't like them," she added indifferently.

Delancey was nonplused. "Don't you, really?" he asked. "Don't you ever wear them?"

"Why, yes, I have a pair," she said. "But they make your feet look large."

Delancey moved forward to the very edge of the seat, and searched her face. He was pale with nervousness. "If a man should come to you questioningly," he said, "with a shoe like that in his hand, and say: 'Will you try this on? What boots it if it does make your foot look large?' what would you answer?"

The girl laughed merrily, showing small, flashing teeth. "I'd answer, 'Shoo!'" said she. "And speaking of shoes, one of mine's untied. Would you mind?" She lifted her skirt and thrust forth a small trinket of fawn-colored ooze-leather like her gloves, with a loose blue ribbon like her gown.

Delancey performed his office solemnly and in silence. Then he rose and bowed ceremoniously. "It's very pretty," he said, "but I fear it is too florid—too rococo—to meet the demands of every-day life. And now, if you will pardon me, I'll leave you. I must see somebody in the next car." And with that he departed.

"By George!" he reflected, as he walked hastily down the car, "that was a close shave! I must say I'm not disappointed. It's all very well putting shoes on the right person; but that's the kind of lady they fall off of too often!" He shook his head thoughtfully, and sighed the sigh of a phi-

osopher; and he was in the next car before he remembered that he had never put the bag back at all.

It was with a feeling bordering on dejection that he surveyed his new scene of action. This quest for a number-five-shod princess was developing into an arduous and exhausting matter. "Only the third car," he thought sadly, "and already I've tackled an iceberg and got frost-bitten, and encountered a simoom and just escaped heat-prostration. What will happen before I reach the engine? If I could absolve myself so easily, I'd eat the shoe with a glad heart. But I have put my hand to the shoe-horn; I cannot turn back." Sighing, he prepared to go forward and resume the quest.

But at this critical moment a diversion presented itself. Near the farther end of the car, beyond several eligible blue passengers, sat a girl in brown. Her hair was of the same rich bronze as her rough-silk gown; her hat, her gloves, her eyes, all matched exactly. Delancey's weary gaze dwelt gratefully for a second on her satisfying brownness; then he gave a start of delighted recognition and hurried to her side.

"Good morning, Barbara Lee!" he said gleefully.

The girl jumped. "Donald Delancey!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Talking with you, like a lucky fellow," said Delancey. "May I sit down? I'm awfully tired—just worn out."

"Certainly," said Miss Lee; and she set aside her coat, her bag, her umbrella, and her books with one capable movement, and offered him the opposite seat. "What have you done to get so tired?"

"Oh, I'm questing," said Delancey with a sigh. "But I assure you, Barbara Lee, it gets more exhausting every time. Sometimes I think my next quest will be the inquest."

"I should think it might," said Miss Lee decidedly. "The last time, when you were questing for a blooded Arabian charger that should cleave to you till death, you got bitten in the shoulder three times and kicked in the ribs twice; and you've hardly got over the quest before that, when you were looking for the poisoned dagger of Lucrezia Borgia, and stuck it in your finger to see if it was genuine. What in the name of common sense are you questing for now?"

"For an eligible princess," said Delancey with another sigh. "But if I'd had a notion

of what an odious job it was, I'd have stopped before I began. I say, Barbara Lee—if you'll please excuse me—how perfectly ripping you look in all that brown! You always wear brown, don't you?"

"Of course," said Miss Lee. "I wear it because it's my color. Any girl who doesn't wear her color is a simpleton."

"You're so clever," said Delancey admiringly. "If I were a woman I couldn't tell my color to save my life, not even if I worked in a dye-house. You always know everything. I think that's the prettiest color I ever saw."

"It's a pity," said Miss Lee, smiling at him graciously, "that your sense isn't as good as your taste. You don't seem to have much sense, Don, and that's a fact."

"I know it," said Delancey sadly. "The good Lord left it out of me when he mixed me. Now you, Barbara, you're just a solid hunk of sense. I wish you'd lend me some."

"I'd like to," said Miss Lee with vigor. "I'd like to take you in hand and stop your foolishness. Why don't you do something worth while?"

"I would if I could," said Delancey, "but I don't know what to do. It's frightfully stupid at the office; Jameson and all those fellows know lots better how to look after my money than I do; and so I go on quests to keep from being driven to drink. I'm so bored that it seems like to-morrow before I've got through dressing for to-day."

"I could find you so much to do," said



THERE WAS ONLY ONE REAL POSSIBILITY
IN THE CAR



"YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU ACTUALLY MADE A VOW TO MARRY A TOTAL STRANGER TO YOU?"

the energetic Miss Lee, "that it would still seem like morning when it was time to stop at night."

"Oh, do it!" said Delancey eagerly. "Begin now! And yet," he added, his face falling, "there's my quest. It's abhorrent to my very soul, but I'm under a vow. Besides, she'll be wanting her shoe."

"Her shoe!" said Miss Lee. Her face changed suddenly, she flushed deeply and gave her skirt a violent downward pull.

"Yes. I found it, you see, and it's up to me to put it on her and marry her. But somehow, all of a sudden, I loathe the prospect. She will probably turn out to be an unspeakable lackadaisical idiot, with no more sense than I have."

"You don't mean to tell me, Don Quixote Delancey," said Miss Lee, "that you actually made a vow to marry a woman, a total stranger to you, if a shoe that you found by accident in a public place should happen to fit her?"

"Oh, no, that isn't all," said Delancey hastily. "I have another test, a mental shoe. I ask every woman I meet, 'What boots it?' and she must answer it right if she's the right one. It's a very rigorous test, for that question is almost impossible to an-

swer. None of them will ever answer it right either," he added gloomily. "There isn't a woman in the world with sense enough, except you."

"You certainly need a woman with sense," said Miss Lee emphatically. "Imagine it! On the strength of a shoe!"

"Oh, but such a pretty shoe!" said Delancey. "It's the most beautiful shade of brown you ever saw, about the color of—why, it's about the color of your dress! Why—why, Barbara Lee, that shoe looks exactly like you! That must have been why I fell in love with it. It's simply the *image* of you. What if—Barbara!"

Miss Lee crimsoned violently and tucked her feet carefully underneath her. "This is a very foolish conversation," she said decidedly. "Where are you traveling to?"

"I don't know," said Delancey. "Barbara, is it—"

"You don't know!" interrupted Miss Lee. "Where did you buy your ticket to?"

"Nowhere. The conductor said something about it, but I was thinking about my shoe, so I gave him some money and told him not to bother me. Barbara, tell me, is it—"

"Well, of all ridiculous things!" she inter-

rupted again. "You didn't know, then, that you were on the way to Chicago?"

"To where?" he exclaimed, startled. "You don't tell me this is the Chicago Limited? Well, well! So I'm on the same train with Aunt Miranda! That's curious. But, Barbara, tell me——"

"I won't tell you anything—yet," said Miss Lee, averting her eyes. "Go away and find your aunt. I want to be alone a little while."

Delancey rose obediently. "I'll go," he said, "but I'll be back in five minutes. Then we'll get to the bottom of this thing." He moved away reluctantly, glancing back over his shoulder.

In the next car he found his aunt, a neat, trim, prim little lady in a gray gown and a spinstery gray toque.

"How do you do, Aunt Miranda?" he inquired politely.

The lady started. "My dear nephew!" she said. "What in the world brings you here? I thought you were in New York."

"I took the train at the last minute," said Delancey, "on account of important business."

"Business?" said his aunt. "That's something new for you. What was your business connected with?"

"Shoes," said he. Then, raising his whimsical eyebrows, he asked her earnestly, "Did you ever lose a shoe, Aunt Miranda?"

To his astonishment the lady flushed and leaned forward excitedly. "Indeed I did," she said. "I've just lost one, a perfect beauty; and now the pair is spoiled. A pair of Schumacher's seven-dollar pumps, too!"

Delancey gasped. "Then—then—whose is it?" he stammered.

His aunt hurried on with her tale, unheeding. "Yesterday," she said, "I went to the shop to have them polished, because I wanted to wear them to-day; and while I was there Barbara Lee came in, and she had a pair of the same kind on, and she wanted hers

polished, too. They are made of a specially prepared leather, and the attendant takes them into a back room to do them, because they use a peculiar dressing that smells very disagreeably. He brought them back at the same time, but Barbara was in a hurry to keep an appointment, and so I told him to put hers on first. And after she was gone, I found she had one of mine. It must be very loose for her, because hers pinches me dreadfully."

Delancey gazed at her with a clouded brow. "Then it's yours," he said. "I see I must ask *you* the question, 'What boots it?'"

"I don't understand you, Donald," said the good lady, a little ruffled. "I am telling you that I have had a misfortune. I don't see that your 'What boots it?' has anything to do with the situation."

Delancey brightened suddenly. "You're right, Aunt Miranda," he said. "It hasn't, not a thing. Don't worry. What is your loss is somebody's gain; and the gods may give you your shoe back again, when they have finished brewing their magic potions in it. Now I must leave you and attend to my own shoe business."

"But what is the answer," demanded his aunt, "to your very strange question, 'What boots it?'"

"I don't know myself, dear aunt," said he. "But I hope to find out." So he departed.

He made short work of the journey back to Miss Lee's car. Here he found that lady—still, as ever, mistress of herself and of the occasion—gazing out of the window, flushed and bright eyed. He stopped beside her.

"Oh, Barbara Lee," he said, "the quest is ended. It was Aunt Miranda's shoe. But after all, what boots it?"

"Nothing at all," said she promptly, and put out her foot for the shoe.

"Why," said Delancey, "that's the right answer. Just nothing at all." He smiled contentedly as he slipped the brown shoe into place.



The Voyage of the Good Ship "Rug"

By James J. Montague

WE headed to sea in the morning,
Though the rainbow bridged over the sky,
To give the bold mariner warning
That the wind might awake by and by.
The Capes of Adventure we doubled,
And fetched Threshold Current by noon,
Where the waters forever are troubled
By the terrible Doorway Typhoon.

And oh! how the tempest howled round her;
We thought of old Davy Jones then,
As she shivered, and threatened to founder,
Then rose, like a petrel, again.
And oh! how we hymned our thanksgiving,
When on to fair weather we sped,
And sighted the Land of the Living
Where yonder loomed Mantelpiece Head.

With sails rummaged out of the locker,
With splices in rigging and spars,
We ran her on down to Point Rocker
By compass, beneath the clear stars.
Through sea-pictures strange and alluring
We cruised all the long, golden day,
And brought her up safe to her mooring,
At nightfall, in Nursery Bay.



Drawn by John A. Williams

The Black Hand Scourge.

A DREAD REALITY TO ITALIANS TERRORIZED BY THE MENACE OF THE NAME IN ATTEMPTS TO EXTORT BLACKMAIL; BUT A MYTH SO FAR AS AN ORGANIZED SOCIETY IS CONCERNED

Editor's Note.—A cablegram from Italy announces with brutal brevity that Joseph Petrosino, chief of the Italian bureau, of the New York secret police, has been assassinated in the streets of Palermo. "The Black Hand!" The shuddering cry echoes from coast to coast. What is the Black Hand? What are its ramifications? Who controls it? Who are its agents? What is set down here is the real story of this mysterious "society." The facts are furnished by the man who, now that Petrosino is dead, probably knows more about this "society" and its methods than anyone living. He was at the New York police headquarters, and for years worked with Petrosino. He took up Petrosino's work where the assassin's bullet stopped it, and is now in Italy, searching for the murderers. It is a squalid story, divesting the Black Hand of all the glamour that highly imaginative persons have woven around it. There is no central organization. There are no blood-sealed oaths. There is no international association. The Black Hand is the generic name of innumerable small groups of criminals operating under its flag to blackmail and murder. There is no crime this class of criminal will halt at. Murder, arson, blackmail, kidnaping, and bomb-throwing are all alike. If there were a central organization its suppression would be less difficult. As it is the police have to deal with individuals.



HE assassination of Lieut. Joseph Petrosino in the streets of Palermo came very near to establishing the so-called "Black Hand" society in the minds of Americans as a definite organization such as the Sicilian Mafia and the Neapolitan Camorra.

It was easy and alluring to argue that Petrosino, cleverest trailer of Italian crime and criminals, had fallen a victim to the international order of *La Mano Nera*. Writers were not lacking to invent details. His death had been decreed, they said, by one of the New York chapters of the Black Hand and the sentence executed by the home branch at Palermo.

"We almost believe that there is a Black Hand organization in Italy and America," said the editor of one of the big Italian dailies the day after the detective was shot down. "Until the death of Petrosino I never believed that there was head or tail to the bomb-throwing blackmailers, but the shot that struck Petrosino would seem to prove that there is a system behind them."

To one who remembered how violently

that same editor had for years protested in Italian and in English that there was no such thing as a Black Hand society, the admission was surprising. Detectives of the Manhattan and Brooklyn Italian police squads who had always scoffed at an organized Black Hand wondered if they had been mistaken. They searched the various quarters again for some trace of a central body, for some sign that there were directing officers. This Petrosino tragedy certainly savored of the dread Mafia and Camorra, and there was not one of the lieutenant's squad who would not have gladly risked his life to lay hands on a real Black Hand chief.

Sober second thought and continued investigation, however, return the Black Hand to its proper category. It is not and never has been a society. It knows no chieftain, no scale of spoil division, no sacred oath. It has no meeting-places, consequently holds no meetings. It is, in short, but a name for a brand of crime peculiar to Italian crooks, and it is so surprisingly successful because of the temperament of its south Italian victims and their inborn dread of the extortionist.

The Black Hand Scourge

It is almost ludicrous to realize how the name that is now a world-terror was invented.

Some years ago the story of an Italian murder was running in the New York newspapers. The police made little headway, and developments lagged. A space-writer on a certain morning paper needed more money than the story was bringing him. He could get more space only by giving a new twist to the crime, by working up an exclusive angle.

The victim of this murder had received a letter warning him that death would follow his failure to contribute a specified sum by a certain date. At the top of the sheet was a crude drawing of a fist holding a long, wicked-looking dagger. It was drawn with black ink, a somber, sinister emblem. For the reporter it held an idea. The name "Black Hand" leaped from his imagination, and there you are. With great circumstantial detail and flaring heads he introduced his find to the public. The murdered Italian was the victim of a rapacious organization of cutthroats. It was the American edition of the much-feared Mafia, a reincarnation of the deadly Camorra, and in it the reporter combined the worst features of each.

This characterization was an instantaneous hit. The murder story was again good for columns of space. The inventive reporter's rivals went him several better in succeeding editions. They found meeting-places of the Black Hand. They traced other unsolved crimes of the Italian district to the same mythical source. The police said nothing. They had been unable to solve the crime, but if it was the work of a powerful secret organization there was some excuse for them.

To the Italian blackmailers who then, as now, lived off the tribute they could wring from their brothers who worked or who had prospered in business, the appellation was a new and unexpected weapon, a stock in trade beyond value. It was not copyrighted, and each and everyone of them was free to use it. All "Little Italy" was talking of the Black Hand. Its translation into Italian—*La Mano Nera*—had an even more sinister sound. The next lot of blackmailing letters sent out bore the usual dagger, the skull and cross-bones, the bloody finger print, perhaps the long black coffin, and everyone was signed "*La Mano Nera*."

The Black Hand was launched, and the crimes since committed in its name number tens of thousands, the spoils collected have sent many a criminal back to Italy with a fortune according to the Sicilian rating, and not even the police will venture to estimate its cost in human life.

The Black Hand crimes all follow the same general lines, but that is no argument that there is an organized society. The yeggmen who terrorize country postmasters all work after an identical fashion, but no one has ever intimated that they were organized. Safe-crackers the country over use the same tools and methods, but who has suspected them of holding conventions? The East Side gangs—the "Humpty" Jacks, the Paul Kellys, and the like—plunder similarly with more or less success, but the only connection between gang and gang is an occasional feud, the resulting "shooting up" of which gives the police opportunity to send a gangster or two to Sing Sing.

No Italian is too lonely or too poor to embark as a Black-Hander. A sheet of paper, pen and ink, and enough knowledge of Italian to scrawl a few lines of demand and the accompanying threat are all that is necessary. Possible victims are on every hand. The barber in the dingy basement halfway down the block; the fat and timid grocery-keeper on the corner; Antonio, of the tenement just below, who goes out early each morning all dressed in white to boss his gang of street-sweepers—all these are possible victims of the single-handed Black-Hander, and all sooner or later pay their tribute. Of course he signs himself "*La Mano Nera*," and then sits back to wait the working of the spell of temperamental dread.

About a table in a dingy, low-ceilinged, basement wine-shop off Mulberry Bend or over on Bleeker Street four or five greasy, low-browed men gather of an afternoon over a bottle of cheap red wine. They puff at short-stemmed pipes or draw through straws on stogy-like Italian cigars that retail for half a cent. They are out of work and have been for weeks, perhaps, but it is not possible opportunities for labor that they discuss. Their need of money is mentioned quite frankly. In the next breath one of the gang recalls that Giuseppi, the tailor, looked sleek and prosperous standing in front of his shop an hour before. Another cries for pen and paper, which the master of the wine-shop brings with never a smile, though he

knows only too well the nature of the note that is about to be written. One is silently nominated to scrawl the command, another puts on the decorations, and a third signs "*La Mano Nera*." The tailor is ordered to come three nights later at seven-thirty o'clock to the stone arch in Washington Square and hand two hundred dollars to a little man with a hump on his back who will be waiting there. He is told further that if he fails or mentions the letter to the police death and destruction will be upon him.

The next morning Giuseppe has hardly opened his shop before the postman comes with the letter. One glance at the clumsily drawn black hand and the daggers scattered about is enough to tell him that the curse has fallen. For a time he is too frightened to read the sum of the extortion. The patrolman on beat passes his door, a broad-shouldered, strong-armed sign of law and order. A great temptation comes to Giuseppe. He will be brave as the American papers advise. He will call the police. He rushes out after the policeman, only to be overcome with a blue funk before he can blurt out his troubles, and ends by asking some foolish question that has no bearing on the terrifying letter. So on the appointed night he goes to Washington Square. The hunchback is there, waiting, with a particular eye for possible treachery from plain-clothes policemen. Giuseppe slips the deformed one an envelope, and both hurry

from the spot in opposite directions. Around the next corner the hunchback becomes a changed man. The hump on his back disappears, and the breaking off of a bit of putty straightens a seemingly twisted nose. At the wine-shop the two hundred, perhaps the bulk of the tailor's savings, is speedily divided, and the blackmailers are ready for other weeks of idleness. Again the Black Hand!

There is a possibility of big rewards in the game of plunder that has attracted criminals of skill, daring, and brains. Many of them are ex-convicts from Italy, who plundered there in the name of the Mafia or the Camorra. Others are equally desperate criminals who got away from Italy before being caught and given the convict brand, which makes entry into America difficult and remaining here uncertain with Petrosino's band continually "fanning" the Italian quarters.

One of these skilled laborers of crime—or perhaps a pair of them—will gather about him four or five dull, unimaginative, lazy fellows—preferably "black sheep" of the town or section in Sicily from which the leader

came—and there you have as near an organization as the Black Hand has yet perfected. This leader is known to his followers as a bad man. He has a record for speedy carving with a dagger, perhaps, or a much-to-be-envied knack of using his revolver quickly. He rules the gang by fear of bloody violence, and does not even bother to extract oaths from them.



LIEUT. JOSEPH PETROSINO
Chief of the Italian bureau of the New York secret police,
who forfeited his life in Sicily last March through
his efforts to suppress the various activities
of the Italian criminals in America



PIETRO CAROPOLE, AN ITALIAN RESIDENT OF NEW JERSEY WHO WOULD NOT BE BLACKMAILED
He killed one Black Hand conspirator and seriously wounded another

Italian bankers, contractors, wholesale dealers in spaghetti or olive-oil or wine, owners of equities in mortgaged tenement-houses—these are the victims of the big Black-Handers. One thousand dollars is the least they strike for. Failure to pay means that a bomb of crude but deadly construction will be dropped in front of the marked man's bank, store, or tenement-house. Generally the bomb is so thoroughly overloaded with dynamite that it wrecks much surrounding property, but for that these land-pirates care not. Often the innocent are slaughtered, but that brings not even a shrug from these hyenas of the tenements.

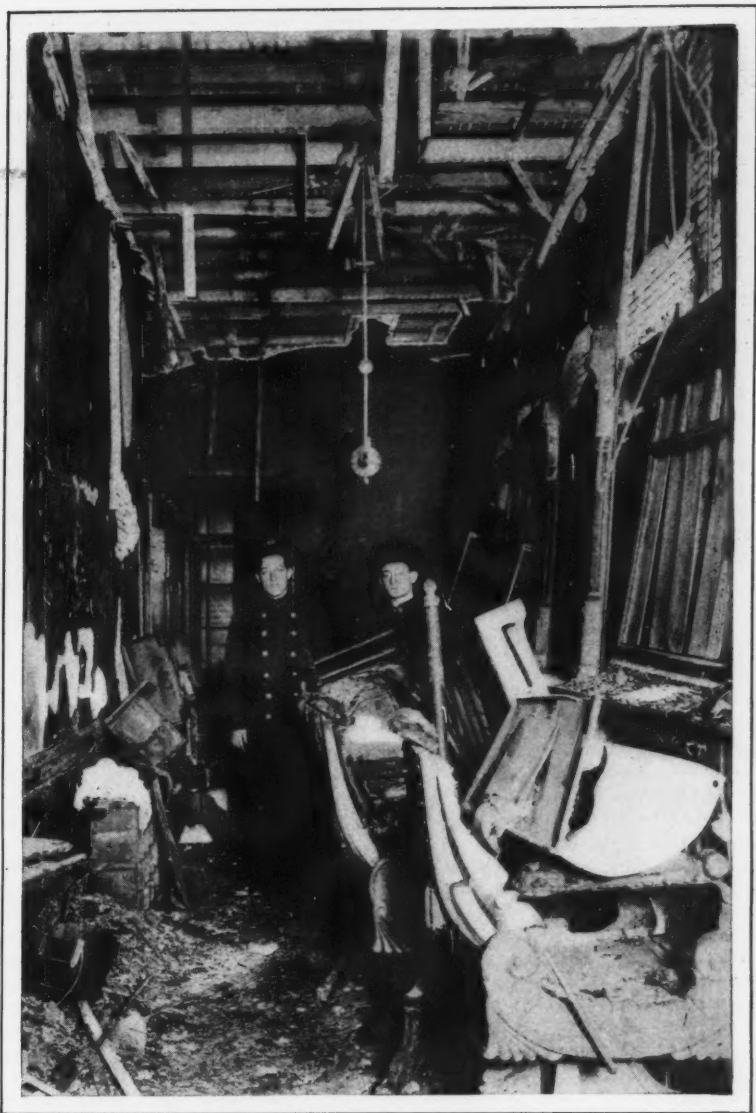
Every so-called Black Hand outrage helps on the game of plunder and adds to the fear of the mythical society. A lull in Black Hand outrages by no means indicates the inactivity of the plunderers. Generally it spells their continued success.

"You must always keep in mind," said Petrosino, the Palermo sacrifice to this sort of Italian crime, "that the commission of crimes of violence is not the main issue with this scum of the earth. If a man meets their demands, pays over their price, they are well satisfied to let him alone.

"Have you ever noticed," he continued, "that there is more bomb-throwing, more kidnaping, more mysterious murders in the winter months than in the spring, summer, or early fall? The winter is the hard time of the year with all Italians, and naturally the collections come harder. Men who have given up a few dollars now and then for months suddenly decide that, come what may, they will pay no more. According to the laws of the 'trade' this means punishment, and there you have your outrages."

The intense love which a respectable Italian bears for his children has made kidnaping highly lucrative among the more powerful bands of Black Hand criminals. It is a favored punishment with some of the more daring gang-leaders, though it takes vastly more nerve and continued cunning than dropping a bomb with a fuse that will burn for an hour before it explodes the infernal machine to which it is attached and takes out the front of a building or fires a sleeping tenement.

The Italian kidnapers about New York have been almost uniformly successful since they began signing their letters "*La Mano Nera*." In every case the child has been eventually returned to his home or left



A BARBER-SHOP IN BROOKLYN WRECKED BY A BLACK HAND BOMB

where the police would be sure to find him. Equally in every case there have been indications that the father, in spite of the most strict instructions to the contrary from the police, quietly paid over the amount demanded by the Black-Handers or at least a satisfying portion of it.

Knowledge of kidnaping cases nearly always gets to the police and without delay. An Italian mother whose son fails to return from an errand to the bake-shop around the corner or whose daughter disappears between the public school and her home, does not fear even the Black Hand. Her hus-

The Black Hand Scourge

band may cringe and tremble when she suggests the police, but if he delays, the mother, with many wails of anguish, rushes to the nearest police station and blurts out the whole story. As a rule the police have little or nothing on which to work. They have the Black Hand letter demanding the ransom, but of what good is that when the leader of the gang may be that dapper, swarthy brother-in-law who is even then in the parlor mingling his temperamental tears with those of the family? Again, the letter may have been written in the father's own saloon and by one of his regular customers. Or it may have come from a gang in the Bronx of whom the father never heard.

The only conviction for kidnaping which the New York police have ever been able to secure was after the disappearance of seven-year-old Salvatore Siatti. They rounded up Pampaniella, Ignacio Leonardo, Rosina Martinese, and others of a gang believed to be headed by San Filippo, whose

reputation for daring goes back to his native Sicily. Industrious use of the third degree brought astounding confessions from Leonardo and the woman confederate. The prisoners were finally led to the court of Judge O'Sullivan in the criminal branch, and both

police and prosecutor were certain of conviction. They had entirely overlooked the custom of Italian criminals of enforcing silence before the law.

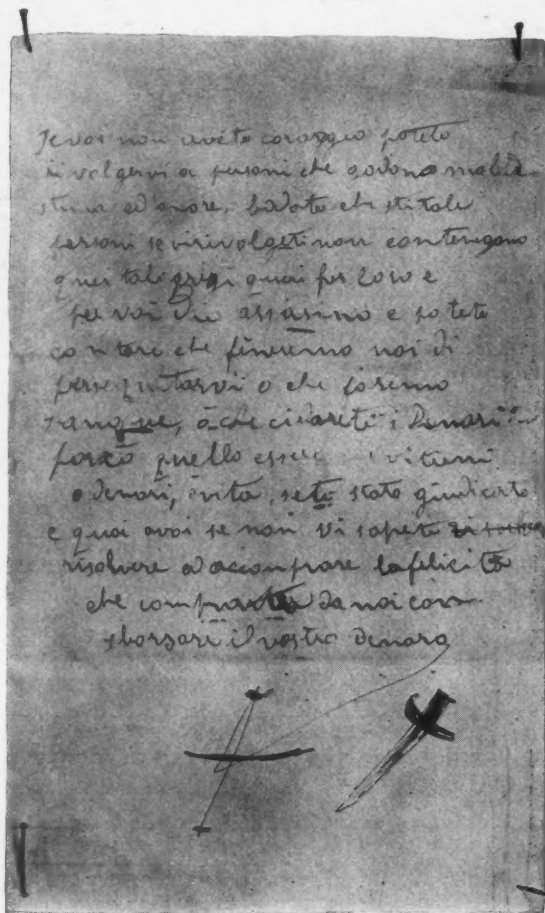
The police brought in Leonardo all primed to give evidence in the hope of a reduction of sentence. Pampaniella sat there huddled in his chair, scowling fiercely at the man in the witness-box. The witness was about to tell of the kidnaping when the prisoner was noticed to press both temples with his thumbs and quickly draw a long, bony forefinger across his throat.

"I say no more," cried Leonardo, and a shiver of terror shook his frame.

"The prisoner was signaling to the witness," said

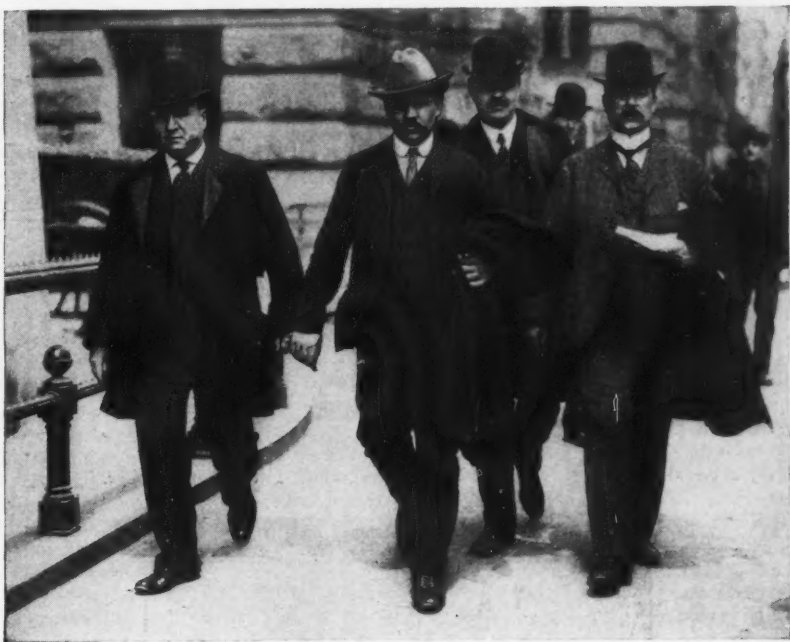
the assistant district attorney.

"I saw the signal myself," agreed Judge



A TYPICAL BLACK HAND LETTER

"If you have not sufficient courage you may go to people who enjoy an honorable reputation and be careful as to whom you go. Thus you may stop us from persecuting you as you have been adjudged to give money or life. Woe upon you if you do not resolve to buy your future happiness, which you can do from us by giving the money demanded"



LIEUTENANT PETROSINO (ON THE LEFT) AND ONE OF HIS MOST FAMOUS CAPTURES

The prisoner handcuffed to the great detective was an Italian known as "The Ox," and was a member of a Black Hand counterfeiting-gang. He was arrested for the celebrated "barrel murder" in 1902, but although there was no doubt of his guilt the police were unable to obtain sufficient evidence to warrant bringing him to trial.

O'Sullivan, angry but helpless. "There must be no more of it in this court-room."

Later in the day Leonardo was brought back to the stand, but again he refused to testify, his lips being sealed by some secret signal which none of the score of Italian detectives on watch could detect. Pampaniella was convicted, however, without Leonardo's testimony, and is now in Sing Sing.

Black-Handers and their friends do not hesitate to threaten the judges who try Italian cases with death and other penalties. The mail of the judges of the criminal branches in both New York and Brooklyn frequently contains Black Hand letters. To the credit of the judges be it said that not one has been intimidated by these threats, and the cowards who made them have never dared to strike.

Judge Otto A. Rosalsky one morning last July sentenced Cosmeio Riccobone to ten

years in Sing Sing for using red pepper in a Black Hand robbery. As the prisoner was hustled out of court he said hoarsely:

"I get ten years; see that the judge is taken care of. Death!"

The friends sent back some secret signal as their Black Hand fellow was taken back to prison.

Here is the text of a letter received not long since by Judge Norman S. Dike of Brooklyn:

You rascal! You have been hard on our countrymen. We have decided to kill you. A man has been elected to do the job. The county courthouse will be blown up in a few days.

Then came a crudely drawn black hand. Beneath was this postscript, "And Vachris is doomed also." Vachris is the Petrosino of Brooklyn.

The amazing extent of the Black Hand outrages in and about New York is shown

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by the record kept by Commissioner Bingham, of the Department of Police. Here is a summary for the year 1908:

Black Hand cases reported.....	424
Arrests.....	215
Convictions.....	36
Discharges.....	156
Cases pending.....	23
Bomb-outrages reported.....	44
Arrests.....	70
Convictions.....	9
Discharges.....	58
Cases pending.....	3

Despite the fact that the police and the courts have been working hand in hand the combined punishment meted out to the thirty-six Black-Handers convicted for crimes other than bomb-throwing was but fifty-four years, two months, and five days. The sentences of the nine convicted of bomb-throwing total only a few days over five and one-half years.

When one remembers that for every case of extortion reported to the police there are probably two hundred and fifty of which nothing is said, the size of the cloud which the Black Hand has thrown over New York becomes appalling. Outside of the financial loss to industrious Italians the operations of these bands of hyenas are holding back Italian-American development in every way. A barber, for instance, fears to put out a new red, white, and blue barbers' pole. It is a sign of prosperity and would draw a swarm of Black Hand letters. A

small dealer in ice prospered to such an extent that he could afford a second-hand cash-register. Almost the first item rung up on it was a debit exacted by the Black Hand. John Savarese, the Brooklyn Italian banker, built a beautiful mansion on Linden Street. He was about to move into it when Black Hand threats began to pour in upon him. They were so persistent that he never moved to the mansion, but at great expense remodeled it into a five-family apartment-house.

The bomb-outrages of last year covered every part of the city. Eleven houses were practically demolished by dynamite, which was either planted in sticks with "get-away" fuses or hurled in short-fuse bombs. Eight tenements were burned after their owners had refused to deliver up sums ranging from one to seven thousand dollars. In every instance the lives of children were endangered, and many innocent persons were mangled by the explosions.

No Italian is immune from the Black Hand unless he be without means. The list of extortions attempted shows the following range of occupations and professions:

Dealer in barbers' supplies, merchant, wholesale grocer, judge, banker, grocer, brewer, priest, wine-merchant, contractor, archbishop, rich widow, physician, corporation president, bakers' union, retired merchant, butcher, university professor, police captain, postmaster.

About half of the murders traced to the so-called Black



BOY KIDNAPED FOR RANSOM BY BLACK-HANDERS,
AND HIS PARENTS

Hand each year are of members of this gang or that who were slaughtered by their fellow gangsters by way of punishment or killed in feuds with other gangsters. The victim of the famous "barrel murder," solved several years ago by Petrosino, was a member of a Black Hand counterfeiting-gang who had lost his nerve. The unidentified man found in Brooklyn, his body filled with stab wounds and his tongue cut out, had talked to the police. Still another Black Hand body had the ears sliced off, a gentle warning not to listen at key-holes. Then come the crimes of revenge, such as the recent killing of a well-dressed Italian in a Brooklyn saloon. He stood at a bar drinking a glass of beer. Four strangers entered and walked up to him. They whispered a word or two. "But that was seven

years ago!" he cried in terror. The answer was a volley of shots, and the Italian dropped dead. His murderers escaped. Vito Grimaldi, found murdered not long ago in a vacant lot near Bushwick Park, Brooklyn, was probably the victim of a rival Black Hand gang. The man carried a bomb under his sweater when he was struck down from behind, and the police speculated that he was on his way to administer Black Hand punishment when he fell into the hands of a rival crowd. Another possibility was that he had turned traitor and was murdered by his own associates, who did not take the trouble to carry off the bomb he was carrying. It is by no means uncommon to find the headless bodies of Italians floating in the river, or hidden away in box cars or in the swamps on the edge of the city. Nearly all of these were Black Hand members or victims. The occasion is rare indeed when anyone is punished for such crimes.

Every little while some Black Hand gang or other gives a striking illustration of the folly of trying to escape the payment of blackmail, and it is through these crimes that the fear necessary to the success of



LIEUTENANT VACHRIS, OF THE NEW YORK DETECTIVE BUREAU (IN THE CENTER)

Vachris, who was Petrosino's chief assistant in Brooklyn, now knows more than anyone else of the methods of the Italian criminals in America

blackmailing attempts is inspired. There is the case of Vincenzo Buffardo, a baker of means, who fled from Brooklyn to Newark, New Jersey, rather than give over two thousand dollars. The Black Hand found him there after a time, and the persecutions continued. Eventually he fled back to his home town in Italy, a village near Genoa. There he was shot down one night as he sat in his doorway.

In a few isolated instances the Black Hand has had the worst of encounters with intended victims. Pasquale Patti, a rich banker of Elizabeth Street, New York, after being hounded for years, made an appointment with a Black Hand gang to come to his banking-place for the sum they had demanded. He and his son-in-law then met the criminals with well-aimed bullets which wounded one of the blackmailers so badly that he died in a hospital shortly after. Patti, however, was soon forced to flee for his life, so great was the number of threats which his defiance brought upon him. A New Jersey Black Hand band recently fared badly at the hands of Pietro Caropole, a contractor in a small way. He killed one of the band and seriously wounded another.

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PASQUALE SERPA, MURDERED BY THE BLACK HAND, AND HIS DAUGHTER ROSINA, WHO HAS SWORN VENGEANCE ON HER FATHER'S ASSASSINS

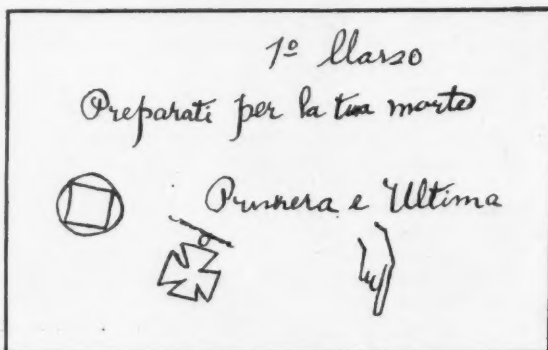
He is still holding his ground, but has received many threats of dire vengeance.

The success of Black Hand methods in New York has caused a spread of the "disease" all over the United States. Westchester County, New York, where there have been large gangs of Italian laborers at work, suffered a reign of terror which abated only when the residents formed a vigilance committee. The laborers are probably still paying tribute each pay-day, but murders have become less frequent. In the Pennsylvania coal-fields the mounted state police have had great success in breaking up bands that attempted to operate.

To the regular police of Pittsburg belongs the credit of

breaking up one of the best organized blackmailing bands in the history of the Black Hand. One of their raids brought out what seemed to be, at first glance, proof that *La Mano Nera* is an organized society combining the worst features of the Camorra and the Mafia. They found a carefully written by-laws, with a definite scale of spoil division and with many horrible oaths. It required twenty-five hundred words to translate it. Then on one of their raids they came across what seemed to be a school of Black Hand crime. Two young Italians were actually practising with daggers on dummy figures. Thorough investigation, however, proved that the Pittsburg plant was simply the union of three or four desperate gangs for mutual protection. No direct connection with any New York Black Hand operators was ever proved.

The Chicago police, after long and strenuous effort, appear to have their local Black Hand situation well in hand. Chicago's Italian population is nothing like the size of that of New York, and it is scattered, which gives the police more opportunity for successful work. The Black Hand has reached out to the Pacific Coast, and there have been outrages wherever Italians are to be found.



BLACK HAND WARNING

"March 1st.

"Prepare for your death.

(Signed) First and Last"

Such warnings are written on cards and slipped under the doors of Italian homes



MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT DREDGING IN THE HUDSON RIVER FOR THE VICTIM OF A BLACK HAND MURDER

And wherein lies the remedy for conditions so intolerable? It is the immigration problem of the nation, even more grave in the minds of many students than that presented by the "yellow peril." It is the police problem of New York and of the other large cities of the land to a lesser degree. To the Italian-Americans themselves it is a life-and-death matter.

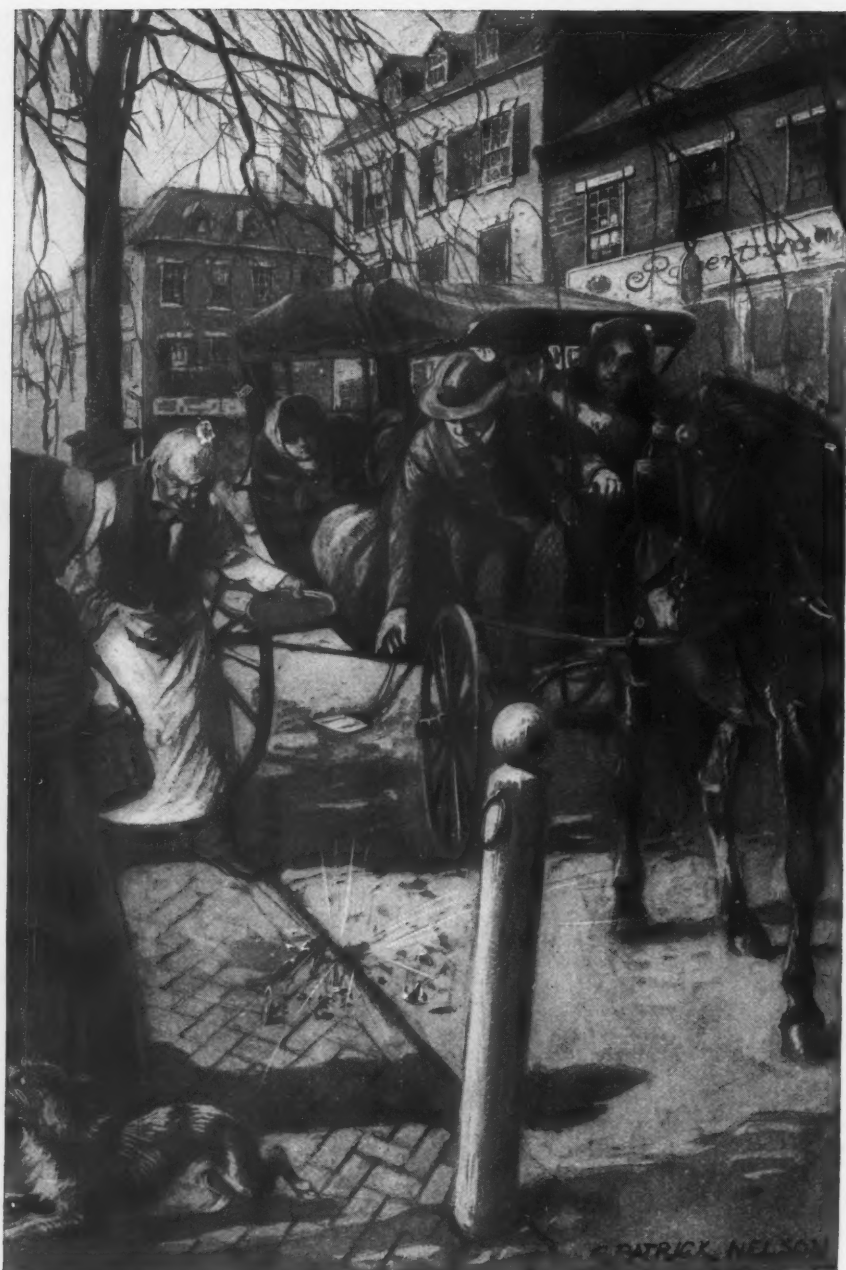
A closer watch on immigration at Ellis Island has been suggested as part of the remedy. United States Commissioner Robert Watchorn declares that the government is watching immigration and that few ready-made Black-Handers slip in with the multitude. He declares, and there is much evidence to bear him out, that the Italian criminals for the most part slip into the United States as sailors on ships from French and German ports.

A change in the treaty with Italy would seem to be advisable, particularly in the matter of deportation. To deport an Italian arrested for crime the government must prove that he entered this country within three years. The officials want the burden

of proof shifted to the suspect. The Italian government seems to be willing to cooperate with the United States in this matter. There was a time when Italian officials winked at the departure of known criminals. Now passports are refused those who have been convicted of crime, and they have to slip out of the country.

The assassination of Petrosino halted for a time the work upon a system for detecting the Italian criminals now in this country, but it will be perfected as rapidly as possible.

In many quarters there is a demand for severer penalties for Black Hand crimes. An Italian official who recently visited New York was amazed at the small number of convictions which the authorities were able to secure. He suggested that every man suspected of Black Hand work and arrested be kept in jail a couple of years before trial. It was a typically Italian suggestion, but not one likely to be adopted. One thing stands forth absolutely certain, however—something must be done or the Black Hand in time will fester and grow until its blackmailing is no longer confined to Italian-Americans.



"HE DASHED IT DOWN IN THE GUTTER, AND THE GLASS
BROKE INTO A HUNDRED PIECES"

("The Reformation of Sam Amos")



The Reformation of Sam Amos

By Eliza Calvert Hall

Illustrated by E. Patrick Nelson

ALL day the land had lain dreamily under an enchantment soon to be broken by the rude counter-spells of the coming winter. A frost so light that it was hardly more than a cold dew had rested that morning on the early chrysanthemums and late roses, but the wind that shook the leaves from the crimson maples was a south wind. The midday sun had held the tropic warmth of August, and over the brightening hills had lain a tender, purple haze; for though summer was dead, its gentle ghost had come back to the earth, and it was Indian summer, the season that has no name or place in any calendar but the poet's. The sun had set, and the mist that veiled the horizon caught its last rays, holding the light lingeringly, fondly in its folds and spreading it far to the north and south in a soft splendor of color that no other season can show. Not pink, not crimson, but such a color as an artist might make if he crushed together on his palette the rose of summer and the leaf of autumn. The chill of the coming night was

in the air, but still we lingered at the gate, Aunt Jane and I, with our faces toward the west.

"I wonder how many folks are watchin' this sunset," she remarked at last. "Old Job Matthews—after he got converted at the big revival back yonder in the thirties—used to watch for the second comin' o' the Lord, and every sunset and sunrise he'd stand and look at the sky and say, 'Maybe the King of Glory is at hand.' Once the old man declared he saw a chariot in the clouds, and it does look, child, like somethin' ought to happen after a sight like this, or else it ain't worth while to git it up jest for a few people like you and me to look at."

As she spoke there was a quick, sharp clang of hoofs on the macadamized road, and a man riding on horseback passed in the twilight. The clean, even gait of the horse and the outlines of its head showed it to be of noble blood; and as it trotted past with an air of proud alertness, we could see that the dumb animal realized the double share of responsi-

The Reformation of Sam Amos

bility laid upon it. For the hand that held the reins was limp and nerveless, the rider's head was sunk on his breast, and the brain of the man that should have guided the horse was locked in a poison-stupor. Aunt Jane gazed wistfully after them, and the gathering darkness could not hide the sorrow and pity that looked out from her aged eyes. Sighing heavily she turned from the gate, and we went back to the shadowy room where the "unlit lamp" and the unkindled fire lay ready for the evening hours.

The fireplace was filled with brush cleared that day from the flower-beds—dry stems that had borne the verdure and bloom of a spring and a summer, and now lay ready to be translated, as by a chariot of fire, into the elemental air and earth from which they had sprung.

Aunt Jane struck a match under the old mantel and, stooping, touched the dead mass with the finger of flame. Ah! the first fires of autumn! There is more than light and more than heat in their radiance. But as I watched the flames leap with exultant roar into the gloom of the old chimney, my heart was with the lonely man homeward-bound, his sorrowful, helpless figure a silhouette against the sunset sky. Aunt Jane, too, looked with absent eyes at the fire she had just kindled.

"Yes, child," she said, answering my thought, "it's a sad sight. I've watched it for a lifetime, and I'm clean tired of it—seein' 'em go out in the mornin' straight and strong and handsome as Kentucky men ought to be and comin' home at night with hardly strength enough to handle their reins, and less sense than the horse that's carryin' 'em. I trust that man'll reach home safe, for somewhere up the road there's a woman waitin' for him. She's cooked a hot supper for him and the biscuits are in the pan, and she's put the coffee on the back o' the stove to keep it from boilin' too long and the meat's in the dish in front o' the stove, and she's lookin' out o' the winder and goin' to the gate every few minutes, strainin' her eyes and her ears lookin' down the road and listenin' for the sound of a horse's feet. And maybe there's a baby asleep in its cradle and another child waitin' for father, and when he comes the child'll run from him and his wife'll cry her eyes out and nobody in that house'll feel like eatin' any supper to-night. Well, may the Lord give that woman grace to be as patient with her husband as Milly Amos was with Sam, and maybe she'll reap the same reward."

"Was Sam Amos a drunkard?" I asked in surprise.

"Well, no," said Aunt Jane judiciously. "Sam wasn't to say a drunkard. A drunkard, accordin' to my notion, is a man that's born with whiskey in his veins. He's elected and predestined to drink, you might say, and he ain't to be blamed when he does drink. Sam wasn't that sort of a man; but once in his life it looked mighty like he was goin' to be a drunkard. Sam come of a sober family, and there wasn't any manner of reason for him to take to drink, but Doctor Pendleton used to say there was a wild streak in nearly every person, and sooner or later it was bound to break out in one way or another. It was the wild streak in Brother Wilson, I reckon, that sent him into the army before he went to preachin', and the same wild streak put it into Sam's mind to drink whiskey when his father and grandfather never touched it. How it started I don't know, but I reckon the coffee-house must 'a' been the beginnin' of it. I can ricollect well the time when that was opened in town. They had a sort of a debatin' society in that day—Lyceum they called it, but Sam Amos called it the Jawin' Club. Doctor Brigham and Judge Grace and Judge Elrod and Colonel Walker and all the big men o' the town belonged to it, and they used to meet first in the doctor's office and then in the judge's office and argue about everything that was done in the town or the state. One question they had up was whether the Whigs or the Democrats had the best party, and they argued till pretty near one o'clock in the mornin', and the meetin' come pretty near breakin' up in a fight.

"Well, when the coffee-house got its license they had a debate about that, and Doctor Brigham—he was in favor o' the license—he got up to make a speech and says he, 'What would this state be without whiskey?' And Judge Grace—he was against it—he jumped up and shook his fist at the doctor and says he, 'A heap more peaceable place than it is with it.' That made the doctor mad, but he went on, like he hadn't heard it. Says he: 'You jest shut your eyes and say the word "Kentucky," and what'll you see? Why, you'll see a glass o' toddy or a mint julep and a pretty woman smilin' over 'em.' And Judge Grace he hollers out: 'No, you won't! No, you won't! You may see the toddy and the julep and the woman, but the woman won't be smilin'; she'll be cryin' her eyes out over the stuff that makes a brute of her husband

and her son.' This made the doctor madder still, but he kept right on, and says he, 'Think o' the poetry that's been written about wine and whiskey! "Fill up, fill up the brimmin' cup," and all the rest o' the songs about drinkin'! And no wonder,' says he, 'for where'll you find a prettier sight than a clear

'when they get inside of a man, where's your poetry then?' Says he, 'It'll take some mighty plain prose to fit the situation then.'

"Well, they had it up and down and back and forth, and finally their friends had to hold 'em to keep 'em from comin' to blows. But as I was sayin', that coffee-house was the



THE HAND THAT HELD THE REINS WAS LIMP AND NERVELESS,
AND THE RIDER'S HEAD WAS SUNK UPON HIS BREAST

glass tumbler with a sprig o' mint and a silver spoon in it and two or three lumps o' sugar dissolvin' in the julep?' And the judge says: 'All right! All right! Keep your toddy and your julep in a glass tumbler and look at 'em and write poetry about 'em, and I won't say a word against 'em. But,' says he,

beginnin' of Sam Amos's troubles and Milly's. It was a sociable sort of a place, and Sam was a sociable sort of a man, and it was natural for him to go there and see his friends and talk with 'em, and the first thing we knew he was drinkin' with 'em, not much, but enough to unsettle his brain and make him talk wild and

The Reformation of Sam Amos

act foolish. And he went on follerin' the same old beaten track that men have been walkin' since the days of Noah, and at last he got to neglectin' his farm, and he'd go to town every week and come home in such a condition that it wasn't safe for Milly and the children to be in the same house with him. Folks used to say that the first drink made Sam a fool and the second drink made him a devil and the third drink put the fool and the devil to sleep.

"Sam was as smart a man as you'd find anywhere, and many a time I used to feel sorry for Milly when he'd mortify her before company by sayin' foolish things he never would 'a' said if he'd been in his right senses. I ricollect once she had a parlorful o' company and she was showin' an ambrotype of her brother David, and somebody passed it to Sam and he took it and looked at it right hard and says he: 'Shuh! That don't look half as much like Dave as he looks like himself.' And another time, one county-court day, me and Abram happened to be standin' on the corner in front o' the old drug-store, and Sam come staggerin' up and laid his hand on Abram's shoulder and looked him straight in the eye like he had somethin' mighty important to say, and says he, 'Uncle Abram, I want to tell you right here and now, and don't you ever forget it, if there's anything I do despise it's one thing more'n another.' I don't believe Abram ever got through laughin' at that, and if Sam had only stopped at the first glass that made a fool of him, his drinkin' would 'a' been a small matter; but the man that can stop at one glass don't live in Kentucky, child, and so Sam went from the first glass to the second and from the second to the third and from that to the gutter. And many a time the neighbors had to pick him up and bring him home, for betwixt the shame of seein' him in that condition and the danger of bein' with him Milly had to stop goin' to town.

"I ricollect one county-court day me and Abram happened to be passin' along in front o' the old Methodist church, and Sam come walkin' out o' Jockey Alley leadin' his big bay mare. Jockey Alley, child, is the alley that runs from State Street clean back to the street leadin' down to the old foot-bridge, and everybody that had a horse or a mule or a colt to swap, why, they'd go to that alley and do their swappin' every county-court day. Well, as I was sayin', Sam come along leadin' his bay mare. That mare was the pride of Sam's

heart. He used to say there was more good blood in her than in any six families in the state o' Kentucky. Sam was a mighty fine judge of horse-flesh, and he got his love for horses right from his father and his grandfather, old Harrison Amos. The old man was one o' the biggest horse-raisers in the state, and he made his thousands out of it, too. But folks that went to his farm used to say it was like huntin' a hen's nest to find the house where the family lived, the house was so little and there was so many big fine barns and stables. Somebody asked him once why he didn't build a better house for his children to live in, and the old man says, 'I believe in puttin' my money where I'm certain o' gittin' good returns.' Says he: 'There's no manner o' certainty in children. You can put good blood into a boy and do your best to bring him up in the way he should go, and after all you've spent on him and done for him he'll lose every race he goes into and you'll find you've got a scrub on your hands. But,' says he, 'you breed a horse right and train him in his gaits while he's young, and there ain't one chance in a thousand of you losin' money on that horse. Of course,' says he, 'I think more o' my boys than I do o' my horses, but when it comes to investin' money a man must be governed by his judgment and his common sense and not by his feelin's.'

"They said the old man went down to New Orleans one winter on some business and left his son Joe in charge o' the stock-farm, and when he got back he went out to the stable the first thing to look to his horses, and when he got through, there was four of his thoroughbreds missin'. And says he, 'Joe, where's May Queen?' And Joe says, 'Why, father, she's dead; she died right after you left.' And the old man says, 'Well, where's Dixie Gyrl?' And Joe says, 'Why, father, I'm mighty sorry to have to tell you, but Dixie Gyrl, she's dead—died pretty near the same time May Queen died.' And the old man says, 'Well, where's Annie Laurie and Nelly Gray?' And Joe says, 'Father, I'm mighty sorry, but they died jest like Dixie Gyrl and May Queen.' And the old man looked at Joe for a minute and says he, right slow and earnest, 'Well, Joe, why didn't you die, too?'

"So that's where Sam got his love o' fine horses, child, and as I was sayin', he come walkin' up leadin' his bay mare by the bridle. Tige, our old yeller house-dog was follern' close behind us, and Sam called to us to stop and says he: 'Can't we make a trade to-day?



" 'I'LL SWAP YOU MY MARE FOR YOUR DOG' "

I'll swap you my mare for your dog.' And Abram says, 'Done!' and he took hold o' the mare's bridle. And then he pulled a piece o' stout twine out of his pocket and tied it to Tige's collar and put the end o' the string in Sam's hand. I says to him, 'Why, Abram, you wouldn't take advantage of a poor drunken man, and a neighbor at that?' And Abram says: 'Make yourself easy, Jane. I'm only goin' to give Sam a lesson that may shame him out of his drinkin' habits for a while at least.' And then he led the mare to the stable and told the man to feed her and water her and he'd call for her late that evenin'.

"Well, when goin'-home-time come round we set out to look for Sam, and after goin' all around the square and up and down Main Street we found him lyin' helpless in the back o' the grocery-store. Abram got two men to help him, and they managed to lift him up and put him in the wagon. Then we drove around to the livery-stable and got the bay mare and fastened her to the back o' the wagon and started home. When we got to our gate Abram let me and the children out and turned Sam's mare into the horse-lot, and then he drove on to Sam's farm as quick as he could, for he knew Milly was waitin' and

grievin'. And sure enough there she was, standin' under the big sycamore in front o' the gate lookin' and listenin' for Sam. She told me afterwards she'd stayed out that way many a night till her clothes'd be wet with the dew, and for the rest of her life she hated the sound of crickets and katydids because they reminded her o' the time when Sam was givin' her so much trouble.

"Well, Abram drove up to the gate, and Milly was too skeered to speak. She was always worryin' about Sam fallin' off his horse and breakin' his neck, and when she saw Abram and nobody with him she thought he was comin' on ahead to break the news to her and Sam's dead body would be the next thing to come. Abram didn't know this or he'd 'a' told her right at once that Sam was in the wagon. He said when he stopped, Milly was leanin' forward, her hands together and hardly enough breath to speak, and she whispered, 'Where's Sam?' And Abram says, 'Right here in the wagon.' And Milly says: 'Thank God! I was afraid he was dead.'" Now when a man's brought home dead drunk, child, it ain't every woman that'll thank God he's alive.

"Well, they had some trouble rousin' Sam,

The Reformation of Sam Amos

but at last they got him to the house and took off his coat and shoes and laid him on the bed, and Abram started to go, and Milly says, 'But where's Sam's mare?' And Abram says, 'When Sam comes to himself to-morrow you send him over to my house, and I'll put him on the track of his mare.' So the next mornin' about eleven o'clock here was Sam, lookin' about as reckless and miserable as a man ever gits to look, and says he: 'I've come for my mare, Uncle Abram. I see the stable door's open, so you needn't bother yourself; I'll go down there and saddle her and ride her home. I'm much obliged to you,' says he, 'for takin' care of her.'

"And Abram says, 'Sam, you may not know it, but that mare belongs to me.' And Sam laughed and says he, 'I reckon I do owe you somethin' for bringin' me home last night, but you surely won't take my horse for that.' And Abram says, 'But, Sam, you swapped that horse to me yesterday.' And Sam says: 'Swapped her? What did I swap her for?' And just then old Tige come around the corner o' the house waggin' his tail, and Abram p'inted to him and says he, 'You swapped your mare for that dog, Sam.' Well, for a minute Sam couldn't say a word, he was so thunderstruck, and says he, 'Do you mean to say, Uncle Abram, that I was such a fool yesterday as to swap my bay mare, the finest piece of horse-flesh in the state, for that old yellin' dog—and me the best judge of horses in Warren County?' 'Yes,' says Abram, 'you did that very thing, Sam, and the swap was your own proposin'.'

"Well, Sam set down on the door-step and folded his arms over his knees and dropped his head on his arms, and he cursed himself and he cursed the whiskey and he cursed the coffee-house, and finally he says, 'I swear I'll never touch another drop o' the cursed stuff, and all the devils in hell can't make me break my oath.' And Abram says: 'Well, Sam, I wanted to hear you make that promise, and that's why I kept your mare. Now go to the stable and you'll find her all safe and sound and the saddle and bridle on the right-hand side o' the door. And may God give you grace,' says he, 'to keep you from ever makin' such a fool of yourself again.'

"But, honey, it wasn't a month before Sam had to be hauled home in a wagon again, and finally it got to the pass that he come home drunk late one Monday night and struck Milly and kicked the children out o' the house; and the next thing we heard was that Milly's

father had come to take her home. Milly told me about it long after the trouble was over. She said she'd been hopin' that the bruise on her cheek would be well before her father saw her, and she'd been puttin' cold water and hot water and everything else she could think of on it to draw the blood out. But somebody told the old man how bad things had been goin' with Milly, and it wasn't two hours till he was there with a two-horse wagon to move Milly back home. Milly said Sam was sittin' by the table with his head down on his arms and she was washin' up the dinner dishes and her face was bound up in one o' Sam's handkerchiefs. And the old man come in, his hands and his lips tremblin', and says he: 'Daughter, put your things together as quick as you can. I've come to take you back home.' Says he, 'I'm no advocate of married folks separatin', but,' says he, 'when Sam took you from your father's house he promised to be good and kind to you, and he's broke his promise and you've got no call to stay with him any longer.'

"And Milly said before she could answer him, Sam raised up his head from the table and says he: 'That's right! That's right. I'm not fit to be trusted with a wife and children. Take Milly and the boys with you and leave me to go to the dogs where I belong.' And Milly's father says, 'Well, Samuel, I'm glad you think as I do, for that makes it easier for all of us.' And then he turned to Milly and says he; 'Hurry up, daughter, and git yourself ready to go back home with me. No child of mine shall live with a drunken brute that lays violent hands on his wife and children.'

"I reckon the old man thought he was sayin' exactly the right thing and that Milly would thank him for takin' her part, but Milly said when her father called Sam a drunken brute she was so mad she lifted her hand to strike him, and she run to Sam and put her arms around him and says she, 'Father, you're the only person in all this world that'd dare to say such a thing to me about Sam.' Says she, 'You can take the children if you want to, for I am afraid that Sam'll do them some harm when he ain't himself, but as for me, my place,' says she, 'is right here with Sam. Drinkin' whiskey is bad enough, but it ain't the worst thing a man can do, and it's not what a man does when he's drunk that makes a woman hate him and leave him, it's what he does when he's sober. And you know,' says she, 'that when Sam's

himself there ain't a kinder, better husband anywhere, and no matter what he does when he's drunk I'll stay with him while life lasts.'

"Milly said Sam give a gasp and looked up at her as if he couldn't believe his ears, and then he burst out cryin' and fell on his knees and threw his arms around her and held on to her like a drownin' man tryin' to save himself. And he says: 'Oh, Milly, Milly! I didn't think you cared that much for me.' Says he, 'I've asked God to help me, and he didn't seem to care, but if you care enough to stay

wiped his eyes and says he: 'Well, daughter, maybe you're right. Meddlin' with married folks' affairs is a poor business, anyhow, and I'm more than willin' to give Samuel another chance.'

"So the old man got in his wagon and drove off, and Milly said all that day Sam stayed around the house and follered her about like a dog follerin' its master, and every now and then he'd say, 'I've got to quit, now, Milly, and I will quit.' Milly said she'd heard him promise that so often she didn't have a bit of



"THERE SHE WAS, STANDIN' UNDER THE BIG SYCAMORE IN FRONT O' THE GATE LOOKIN' AND LISTENIN' FOR SAM"

with me, Milly, I'll have to quit, I'll have to quit,' says he.

"Milly said if it had been little Sam holdin' on to her and beggin' her to stay she couldn't 'a' felt sorrier for him, and she patted him on the head and says she: 'Don't you worry, Sam. Father may take the children if he wants to, but he'll never take me. Of course you're goin' to quit drinkin',' says she, 'but whether you quit or not, I'll stand by you, for that's what a wife's for.' Milly said Sam cried still harder at that, and her father he

faith that he'd keep it now, but of course she didn't let him know it. She'd say: 'Why, of course you will, Sam. I've always believed you'd quit some time.' And Sam'd say, 'Keep on believin' in me, Milly, and your faith'll save me.'

"Well, the very next Monday was county-court day, and jest a week before Christmas, and all day Sunday Milly told me she was prayin' that Sam would be kept from goin' to town. But right after supper Sam says: 'I'm goin' to town to-morrow, Milly, and do

our Christmas buyin'. Make your arrangements for goin' with me—you and the children—and we'll git an early start.'

"Milly said she couldn't sleep much that night, and she prayed that it would pour down rain or somethin' would happen to keep Sam at home. But the sun come out clear, and there was nothin' to do but dress and go to town with Sam. She said he took particular pains with himself, put on his Sunday clothes, and shaved and brushed his hair till he looked more like his old self than he'd looked since he took to drinkin'. She said the road to town had never seemed so short, and she kept hopin' that somethin' would happen to send Sam back home. But nothin' happened, and when they struck the square Sam went right down Main Street in the direction o' the coffee-house. Milly said her heart give a jump and she shook all over like she was havin' a chill, but she didn't say a word because she knew if Sam had made up his mind to drink that day she couldn't stop him. And sure enough he went on and stopped right in front o' the coffee-house. The barkeeper was standin' in the door, and Sam called out to him and says, 'Fix me up a glass o' that old Bourbon, the way I like it, and bring it out here to me.' And the barkeeper went in and fixed it up and come out with it on a tray, smilin' as a basket o' chips, and handed it to Sam.

"Sam had his purse out and says he, 'How much is the glass worth?' And the barkeeper says, 'About five cents, I reckon.' And Sam handed over the money for the drink and the glass, and then he held the glass up and looked at it and put his face down and smelled it and put it to his lips like he intended to drink it, and then he turned around to Milly and says, 'Look here, Milly,' and he dashed it down in the gutter, and the glass broke into a hundred pieces and the whiskey spattered on the horse's hoofs and the barkeeper's shoes. Milly said Sam was as white as a ghost and shakin' as hard as she was, and he nodded to the barkeeper and says he, 'That's my last drink.' And then he turned around and drove up the street toward the square.

"Milly said she was so thankful he hadn't touched the whiskey that she begun cryin' for joy, but still she didn't know whether that was his last drink or not, he'd broken so many promises to her before. And Sam seemed to know what was in her mind, for he says to her, 'Milly, do you believe me or not?' And

Milly said all at once she thought o' that text o' Scripture that says, 'For by grace are ye saved through faith,' and she thought of Sam the day her father came to take her home and how Sam kept sayin', 'Keep on believin' in me, Milly, and your faith'll save me,' and she laid her hand on Sam's knee and says she, 'Yes, Sam, I do believe you.' And she said the minute she spoke the words it seemed like a stone rolled away from her heart, and she felt in her soul that she'd come to the end of her trouble, and the world appeared to be made over and made new. And when they got to the square Sam handed her a roll o' bills and says he, 'Now, go and buy yourself and the children some Christmas gifts while I lay in the groceries we need, and then we'll meet at the drug-store and go home whenever you're ready to go.'

"Milly said she took the money and bought things for the children, but when she begun to look in the windows and show-cases for somethin' for herself she couldn't see a thing that would make her any happier than she was, so she put the rest o' the money in the waist of her dress, and when Sam met her in front o' the drug-store she handed it to him and says she, 'I've bought the children some things, but there's no use wastin' money on a woman who's got everything on earth she wants.' So she wouldn't let Sam buy her a thing that Christmas, and yet she said she felt as if she owned the whole earth.

"And, honey, when Sam dashed that glass to the ground and said that was his last drink he told the truth. When he took that whiskey and smelled it and made out like he was goin' to drink it, he put his resolutions to the test, and they held firm, and from that time on Sam was a sober man. If he'd been the chief of sinners there couldn't 'a' been more rejoicin' over him as the time went by and everybody in Goshen begun to feel sure that he'd quit for good. Parson Page said somethin' to him one day about the grace of God savin' him, and Sam shook his head and says he, 'No, parson, I'm certain God's too honest to want credit that don't belong to him, and in the matter of my quittin' drink, it wasn't the grace of God that stopped me, it was the grace of my wife, Milly.' And Doctor Pendleton was standin' by and says he, 'Yes, all Sam needed was a great moral uplift. The grace of God might have given it, but,' says he, 'in a case like his there's no lever like a woman's love.'

"But I never got through wonderin' over

the way Milly bore with Sam in the days when he was walkin' the downward path and it looked like nothin' could stop him. Human nature is a curious thing, child. You may think you know a person so well that you can tell exactly what he'll do if a certain thing happens, but many and many a time I've found myself mistaken about folks I'd known all my life, and it was that way with Milly. Milly was high tempered and quick spoken, and if anybody 'd asked me how Milly would act if Sam took to drinkin' I'd 'a' said at once, 'Why, she'd leave him that quick.' But she didn't; she was as patient with him as any mother ever was with her son. She'd put him to bed and wait on him, and when he'd come to himself she'd never say a word about what'd happened, and I reckon it was her grace that saved him.

"And it's another curious thing, child," Aunt Jane continued, "how two people'll live together for years and years and never know how much they love each other. Milly told me that when Sam burst out cryin' and said he didn't know she cared that much for him, it come over her all at once that she must be a mighty poor sort o' wife to him for him not to know she loved him well enough to stay with him through thick and thin. But I reckon it's that way with most married folks. They jog along together, and they have their ups and downs, and maybe they think many a time they don't love each other like they did when they first married, but jest let a trouble come up and they'll find out that all the love they used to have is there yet, and more besides. I ricollect Parson Page sayin' once that love and money was alike in one respect, they'd both draw interest, and I reckon

on many a married couple's richer than they think they are."

To find our treasure of love greater than we had dared to dream it—what rarer joy has earth? And when the poor derelict clung to his wife and found in her a help sufficient for his needs, his was a rapture not less profound than that of the poet-husband when he opened the immortal sonnets into which a woman's soul had poured itself, counting the ways and measuring the depth and the height of her love.

Aunt Jane pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, folded her hands, and leaned back in her chair, lost in the reverie that generally followed the telling of a story, while I gazed at the tremulous firelight and felt the cord of human sympathy drawing me closer to the people of her day and time. As an artist finishes a portrait and then goes lovingly back to strengthen a line or deepen a tint, so every story told by Aunt Jane made more vivid to me her pictures of the men and women who were the friends of her youth. I had known Sam, the jovial, careless, skeptical one, and Milly, quick of temper, sharp of tongue, swift to act and swift to repent—just a plain farmer and a plain farmer's wife. But by the light of this tale of triumph I saw them again—Sam, the man who met and vanquished the dragon of thirst, Milly, the woman whose love was strong enough to hold and redeem; and in my thought each rises to heroic stature and stands touched forevermore "with something of an angel light." For it is not the battles that drench the earth with the blood of her sons, but these unchronicled victories of the spirit, that lift man from the clod to the star and make him even greater than the angels.

The Unattainable

By Charlotte Becker

THE years may teach us to endure
Our own allotted dower of pain;
To find in paths that tears obscure,
Some knowledge that is sorrow's gain.

Yet, though our hearts cry out to share
And stay the agonies thereof,
One grief we cannot learn to bear:
The suffering of those we love.

Polyglots in Temples of Babel

By Harold Bolce

If you admit the justice and righteousness of the assaults upon the mighty forms of our finance, manufacture, and trade and the estates of the successful in the development of our industries, I prophesy, as I did the panic more than a year ago, from the same causes, that before another half-decade blood will flow in our streets, and the night-rider's torch will light the heavens with its appalling glare.—*Chancellor James R. Day.*

Editor's Note.—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Bolce dealing with the revolutionary teachings submitted with academic warrant by our great universities daily to thousands upon thousands of students. It is indeed a babel of tongues and ideas. We hear from a hundred class-rooms that the Revolution was fought to uphold a delusion; that the Constitution is obsolete and should be allowed to die with the jingle about a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; that the minds which created this government were dominated by Rousseau, who was the "apostle of all that is fanciful, unreal, and misleading in politics," and whose conception of government was about as truthful as an account of life from an H. Rider Haggard novel; that men are no more born free and equal than they are born of one size; that the masses are characterized by mediocrity and should have no voice in the government; that there is no tyranny like the tyranny of the majority; and that the guillotine plied its bloodiest trade, not as the instrument of kings, but as the instrument of the people. Finally the church is challenged as incompetent, and a path toward economic salvation is pointed out as being blazed by the trusts.

CIVILIZATION, from the standpoint of the colleges, has not yet proved a success. They teach that the scientific element is lacking in reform, and champion the cynical reflection that the greatest achievement of a legislative body (such as Congress, for instance) is the repeal of laws enacted at previous sessions. Just as former ages were deluded about phlogiston, so our colonial forefathers were misled by the fantastic hope that the salvation of society lay in placing sovereignty in the hands of the people.

Eminent college men, among them Pres. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, and Prof. William Graham Sumner, of Yale, hold that the doctrines of the founders of this Republic have long since served their day and should no longer be applied to the needs of the present. Prof. E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, even ventures the daring gospel that

changes in our standards are so swift and sweeping that there should be an annual supplement to the decalogue. Prof. Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, teaches that confusion and defeat stare the world in the face politically, morally, and economically if the disappearance of old customs, traditions, and modes of thought is not followed by the rise of new standards adapted to the day.

President Wilson teaches that the world needs a new civilization. America, considering itself free, is enslaved to the past. Everything apprizes us of the fact that we are not the same nation now we were when the government was formed. The minds that prepared the way for the American republic were dominated by Rousseau, the "apostle of all that is fanciful, unreal, and misleading in politics." To be ruled by the French economist, says President Wilson, "was like taking an account of life from Rider Haggard." He believes in leadership, however, and teaches that we have not made enough of it, quoting with approval an English historian who says

that "Americans are a nation because they once obeyed a king."

Not many of the professors whose teachings I have followed believe that lasting progress, or that even temporary advance, is to be secured through the triumph of the majority. "The notion that the group thinks deserves to be put by the side of the great freaks of philosophy which have been put forth from age to age," says Professor Sumner, of Yale. The masses, he adds, are characterized by mediocrity. The lines between the classes and the masses are not fixed, however. Great minds rise from obscurity, and grandees in the course of generations may be lost again in the multitude: recently a Plantagenet engaged in the butcher business in a suburb of London. Nevertheless it is "only the élite of any society, in any age," that do the world's thinking.

Professor Sumner has little respect for the "great principles" of 1776. They were invented, he teaches, because some new classes had won wealth and economic power and wanted to secure political recognition. He asserts fearlessly, and other professors support him, that what we have been accustomed to regard as lofty teachings, developed in that day, are nothing but high-sounding rodomontade; and he does not conceal his delight over the fact, as he proclaims it, that some of the old jingle of words is dead. *Conspicuous among these rhetorical delusions of colonial times is the doctrine that proclaims that governments get their just powers from the consent of the governed.* Professor Sumner teaches that this doctrine

is untrue, that it has been trodden under foot, and that the same fate awaits the rest of the principles which, seen through the mists of the Revolutionary War, have seemed great to us.

There is scholastic refusal to worship the past. A number of professors agree that the Declaration of Independence is a dead document, and that the fading of the original in a safe at Washington symbolizes what should be the end of this mass of glittering generalities. Contending that the principles of 1776 are absurd Professor Sumner declares that

men are no more equal than they are of one size. "The doctrine," he says, "that all men are equal is being gradually dropped from its inherent absurdity, and we may at any time find it expedient to drop the jingle about a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The professors find little, past or present, to endorse. The humanitarians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries solved none of the problems of society, according to the college view. What progress has taken place has not come through sentiment. Slavery taught steady labor and alleviated the status of women, and slavery gradually became a thing of the past when steam was loaded with heavy tasks. *But as steam*

means coal, says Professor Sumner, and the amount of coal in the globe is an arithmetical fact, it is not improbable that slavery will be reintroduced when the coal-measures are exhausted.

This teaching regarding slavery is in keeping with the philosophic deduction of the professors that there is no abiding good, but that



From a photograph copyrighted by J. E. Purdy

WOODROW WILSON

(President of Princeton University)

The minds that prepared the way for the American republic were dominated by Rousseau, "the apostle of all that is fanciful, unreal, and misleading in politics"

Polyglots in Temples of Babel

every change in civilization is determined merely by what is considered expedient. Professor Sumner, alluding to the fact that human flesh is still a staple article of food among some people, tells his classes that if civilized society became hungry enough cannibalism could easily be revived. Swans and peacocks, he says, were regarded as great dainties in the middle ages, but we do not eat them now. Snakes are said to be good eating, but most people now would pass them by. Different races taboo different forms of food. Once the eating of human flesh was a savage sacrament, and this form of diet is not forbidden by any religion. The benefits and immunities which mankind enjoys have been brought about through the interplay of self-interest.

Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, believes, with President Wilson, that our forefathers were deluded by Rousseau, and that the early American devotion to false political ideals is responsible for many of the social upheavals of the present day. He says that America is meeting now what France encountered at the outset of the Republic; that it is dangerous to give power to the proletariat, for when they become the leaders they act in despotic disregard for the rights of all not included in their particular class. The Goddess of Liberty in France was depicted with uncombed and streaming hair, in her hand an incendiary torch. This frenzied figure became an avenging deity, for

the guillotine plied its bloodiest trade, not under the direction of kings, but as an instrument of democracy.

America, too, Professor Wendell teaches, began under a Goddess of Liberty with uncombed hair; but the spirit of democracy in this country was Anglo-Saxon, not Latin, and has thus far avoided anarchy. "But," says he, "the irresponsible classes in the United States have always edged toward meaningless and chaotic revolution, and would even now wreck America in a whirlwind of move-

ments ending nowhere, but for the restraints set up by the owners of property and other forms of wealth." And we have been expecting too much from democratic government. We do not worship kings here, but we have been bowing down to power as embodied in federal unity. We have, in this country, a notion that we are hostile to any sentiment which in other countries inspires *lèse-majesté* regulations, but the only difference between such foreign sentiments and the sentiment which leads Americans to cherish the flag is that we prefer to see the



JAMES E. LE ROSSIGNOL
(University of Nebraska)

"We respect the memory of Hamilton, Madison, and the rest,
but we cannot be forever bound by the principles
and rules they laid down"

fact of our national existence symbolized by woven stuff, while other peoples prefer to see theirs symbolized by living sovereigns. The ruler has his frailties, just as the flag is frequently undignified by volatile dyes and hasty stitchings. And one symbol of sovereignty, the professor teaches, is about as important as the other.

Some of our most cherished history is

assailed from college chairs. *The Revolution*, says Professor Wendell, *was fought to uphold a delusion, and the rank and file of the colonial army went down in rags to oblivion to maintain the fallacy that all men are created equal.* He also maintains that the Declaration of Independence, a "piece of spectacular rhetoric," should be placed on the same shelf

with the envenomed party platforms of to-day, and that it cannot be accepted as a statement of practical rights now any more than we could accept an utterance in complete lyric form as a literal statement of cold facts.

Professor Sumner, of Yale, joins Professor Wendell in decrying the Declaration of Independence and in declaring that democracy has failed to bring about what the people expected. He says that the terms "Democracy," "the people," "Wall Street," "slave," "Americanism," are catch-words and phrases invented, like

the Declaration of Independence, to advance the welfare of a fantastic government and society. Such terms, he says, pass as token coins current far above their value. Democracy is regarded as a new form of divine right. In all such cases there is a tyranny in the term, the professor says. Who, he asks, dares

criticize democracy or the people? Who dares put himself on the side of Wall Street? Even the educated classes are victims of such expressions. Political phrases in America are rhetorical flourishes adapted to the pet notions of the time. He calls them "artifices of suggestion," and denounces them as "the old tricks of the medicine-man adapted to an

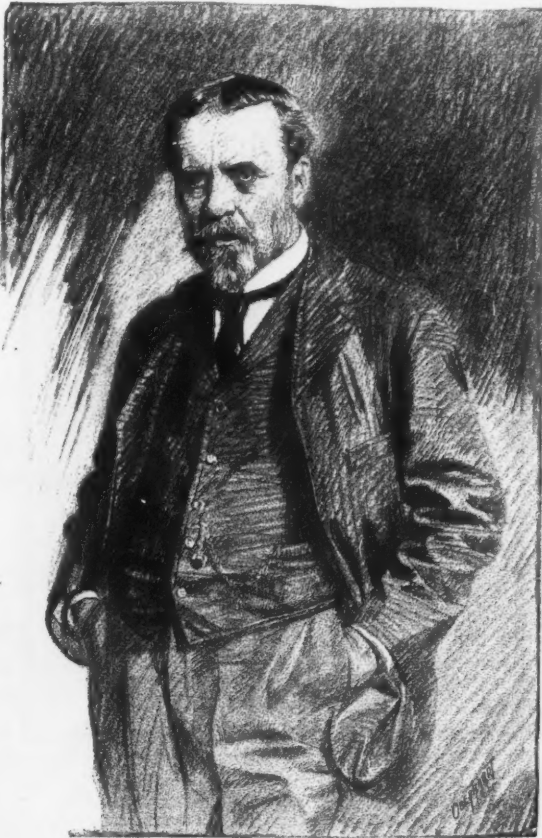
age of literature and common schools."

He dwells upon the power of alliteration in shibboleths.

In 1844 the alliterative watchword "Fifty-four forty or fight" nearly provoked war. Had the expression been "Forty-nine thirty-eight or fight" it would not have had, Professor Sumner says, nearly so great an effect.

Not all the professors are pessimistic political economists. Although they declare that the walls of the home are too narrow and must come down to make way for the family to follow the fate of the tribe and clan, and that the Declara-

tion of Independence is a delusion and the hope of equality fantastic and a menace in a government of the people, many of them see a great future for America. But they do not believe that the great age in America is to come through a revival of the competitive system of a generation ago.



BARRETT WENDELL
(Harvard University)

The Revolution was fought to uphold a delusion and maintain the fallacy that all men are created equal

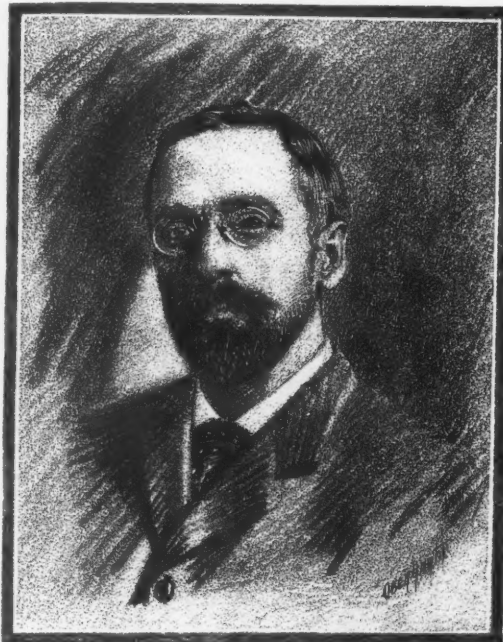
Polyglots in Temples of Babel

Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol, political economist of the University of Nebraska, takes a stand with his Eastern colleagues in repudiating the standards of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He teaches that the framers of the Constitution could not possibly foresee the economic evolution of the subsequent hundred years, and could not therefore provide for it. "We respect the memory of Hamilton, Madison, and the rest," says he, "but we cannot be forever bound by the principles and rules they laid down." Like hundreds of other professors, he sees a hope for modern humanity in the strength, expansion, and efficiency of industrial corporations. With chill, scientific precision of statement it is being taught by many that America can look forward to more help from the corporations than from Christianity. And so Professor Le Rossignol is an optimist regarding the benefits to be derived from monopolies, one of the great results of modern industrial advance. "The fallen competitor," says he, "is slain by his own method and weapon. He would gladly have conquered by the same means had he been able to use them effectively."

Prof. John Bates Clark, of Columbia, goes even farther than this. He teaches that the economic organization of society has become as efficient as it is because capable producers have survived and others have perished; and he holds that for society as a whole there is gain from the law that holds an inexorable fate over

every employer who cannot get out of labor and capital as large a profit as his rivals are getting. America, he says, is the natural home of the trust, and that if this industrial monster, the great modern beast of burden, can be tamed to good uses the people of the United States "can get all that it is possible to get out of material civilization." The seizing of capital by the state, the fraternal sharing of everything, the keeping of a common purse for humanity, "would inflict a forced equality which would leave little chance for liberty."

Prof. Thomas Nixon Carver, of Harvard, one of the foremost economists of current times, analyzing the power of industry through the uses of machinery, says that "men of admirable personal qualities, who were the epitome of all that made men great under conditions that are passing away, have been forced to the wall under new conditions. They have failed under the new test because they were not the kind of men for whom the new time is calling. It is an undoubted fact that the tendency is more and more



WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY
(Harvard University)

"Many competent students, other than railroad men, are convinced that the present prohibition of pooling ought to be repealed"

for the purely mechanical and automatic operations to be taken over by the machines, and it is safe to predict that eventually every kind of work which can be reduced to a mechanical and routine form will be done by machines. This will relieve machinery of the specific charge of reducing the operator to a mere automaton; but, on the other hand, it will make the conditions of life even harder than they now are for those who are constitution-

ally unfit for any other kind of work. They will then all have to be relegated to the human scrap-heap."

The Arts and Crafts movement, which is in part a protest against machine production, is classed by Professor Carver as another field of artistic expression added to the field of fine arts, but he thinks it is futile as a means of salvation for the laboring classes. A machine cannot degrade any man who has intelligence enough and artistic ability enough to profit by the Arts and Crafts ideas; and therefore the only man whom the new movement can save from the machine is the one who does not need salvation. He adds that while the machine product may be inferior to the product of a real artist, it is superior to anything which could be made by hand by any worker whom a machine can dominate.

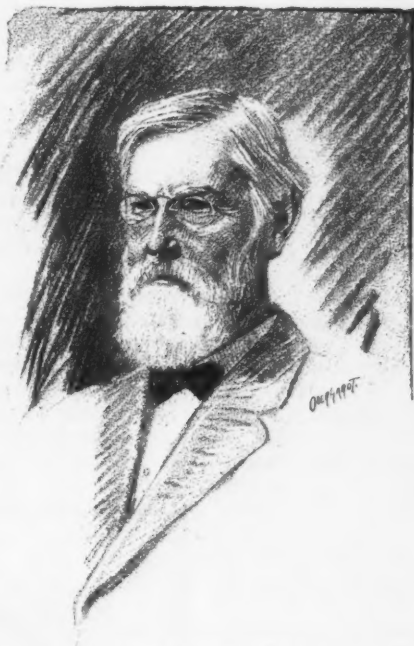
FEDERAL OWNERSHIP ASSAILED

Professor Carver, too, teaches that the forward march of society is not to come through federal ownership of the means of production.



JOHN BATES CLARK
(Columbia University)

The economic organization of society has become as efficient as it is because capable producers have survived and others have perished



JOHN J. STEVENSON
(New York University)

The present age, the commercial era, is the greatest period in our history

On this subject I interviewed the professor in his home at Cambridge. "There are," said he, "two kinds of competition, economic and political. If, carrying out the projects of the dreamers, we put all the means of production into the hands of the state, we shall eliminate economic competition, and then there will be but one kind of competition—the political—open to the energy of men. Instead, then, of the Rockefellers and the Harrimans operating business, we should have as industrial leaders, as well as political overlords, the 'Fingy' Connorses and the Murphys."

This forecast would seem to agree with the teaching of Professor Wendell, that the sovereignty of the many is apt to be more dangerous than the rule of the few, and that the tyranny of democracy is capable of being the most intolerable the human mind can devise.

Few professors share President Wilson's faith in political leadership. Professor Carver dwelt on this subject. In the course of the conversation Theodore Roosevelt's name came up.

Polyglots in Temples of Babel

"What do you think of Mr. Roosevelt's rôle in contemporary American history?" I asked. Professor Carver looked at me through the corners of his glasses, and smiled. "The gad-fly has its uses," he said.

That thought emphasizes Professor Sumner's arraignment of the legislation and preaching of our day. "These methods," says he, "always fail because they aim at great results in a short time. We might as well plan to reorganize our globe by redistributing the elements in it."

It is plain to anyone who studies at the feet of these modern professors that Chancellor Day is by no means an isolated figure in his assault upon a passing President and his defense of the more enduring trust. Professor Bogart, of Princeton, takes the stand that "trusts, by eliminating destructive competition, have steadied production and thereby made employment more regular. Where a competitor is forced out of business by the superior efficiency of the trust, the economic saving justifies the process."

Prof. W. H. Lough, of the New York University School of Commerce, in discussing railroad transportation, says that the carrier has become a partner of the producer. "For that reason the ancient legal doctrine that the principal duty of a carrier is to give equal treatment and equal rates to all is subordinated to the principle that the railroad must make itself a thoroughly efficient instrument of production. In order to accomplish this it is necessary at times to discriminate," and the test of the discrimination is whether it advances the industrial interests of the community.

The almost universal advance in prices in the last ten years is made the text for a discussion of the rates of transportation, whose tendency has been downward. It would be a great mistake, says Professor Lough, to impose an advance in railroad rates uniformly on all articles. On the contrary, the discrimination between low-value and high-value commodities should be accentuated. The agitation is for commissions, but there is great danger in conferring upon a commission the power to fix freight rates. Such a body will endeavor to abolish necessary forms of discrimination; will force upon the railroads mechanical bureaucratic methods which will prove harmful to industry. Cutting down railroad revenues is a short-sighted policy which will benefit nobody but will prevent the carriers from carrying on the great improvements and extensions which are indispensable

if the domestic commerce of the United States is to be maintained.

Prof. William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, teaches that "many competent students, other than railroad men, are convinced that the present prohibition of pooling ought to be repealed, now that the great principle of public supervision and control of rates has been reaffirmed and securely established by the Hepburn Act of 1906." He explains that in England pooling agreements "are actually enforced by legal processes," and believes that the adoption of such a plan here would avoid economic waste in transportation.

Many professors share the belief that old times are never to be restored and that it is not desirable that they should be. Prof. Jeremiah



JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSON
(New York University School of Commerce)

"To many of our business men a famine in India or Russia is more important than would be a famine in Massachusetts or Ohio"

W. Jenks, of Cornell, whom the federal government sent to China to introduce a new financial system into the Celestial Empire, calls attention to the blind despair of the cotton-weavers of England when, early in the last century, the power loom displaced the hand-loom and thousands were thrown out of employment. They did not understand and could not see the inevitable. In their foolish rage they smashed the spinning-instruments. They were no more foolish, the professor teaches, "than men of the present day who hope and expect to see the business of railways and gas-companies and natural monopolies regulated by commissions."

Prof. John J. Stevenson, of New York University, is another professor who does not believe that the golden age is in the past. It was always the custom of certain types of people to dream of by-gone times as superior to the present, he says, and he cites an ancient author who, writing two thousand years before Christ, grieved over the degeneracy of his day and sighed for the better age that had passed forever. Greek and Roman literature is full of such lamentation; the author of Ecclesiastes, although "himself a pessimist," rebuked the querulous men who longed for the good old days; and George Washington, as he looked upon "the decadence of public and private honor, the selfish anxiety for advancement, and the corruption prevailing everywhere toward the close of the eighteenth century, had little hope for his country." Yet that was, from the standpoint of the discontented, the blissful period, the economic paradise of fraternity and equality, when corporations were unknown, when railroads had not yet been projected, when petroleum had not soaked America with its slime, and Wall Street had not absorbed the people's energies. But the present age, the commercial era, says Professor Stevenson, is the greatest period in our history. Commerce was never disreputable in Athens, where Aristotle was an apothecary and Plato an exporter of oil, and he believes that America is coming into its Greek age.

The present civilization and its tendencies



EDWARD SHERWOOD MEADE
(University of Pennsylvania)

Publicity would not prove a stumbling-block to rascally operators in high finance. The margin speculator delights in uncertainty

are justified by citing the progress that has been made. The Norsemen shunted their aged and infirm down toboggans into the North Sea. The Lycurgan law provided that workingmen should be flogged once a day, and Crassus and Pompey crucified six thousand workingmen on the Appian Way. Moreover, through various ages employers, to whom the poor were an asset, like flocks and lands, called the children of workingmen together, as the herder calls swine, and fed them nuts and pods and dried figs. And down to the time of the Revolution, says the *American Journal of Sociology*, published at the University of Chicago, any banding together of laborers for the purpose of bettering their condition was considered by the common law as opposed to the common well-being and a conspiracy against trade and business, and anyone who took part in it was punishable.



E. L. BOGART
(Princeton University)

"Where a competitor is forced out of business by the superior efficiency of the trust, the economic saving justifies the process"

In other respects, too, men have struggled to a higher plane of common betterment. Primitive man, says Prof. Joseph H. Underwood, of the University of Montana, like the cercopithecus, could appropriate only what he ate. There were no property rights, and when men growing civilized established the principle of ownership, society in its apprehension passed laws attempting to check the inequality. Ancient statutes forbade the holding of more than five hundred jungera of land or more than five hundred sheep. The folly of such legislation, it is pointed out, is revived in contemporary efforts to restrict individual and corporate enterprise.

PROGRESS THROUGH CLASS ASCENDANCY

The belief that progress in America has come through class ascendancy is held by

many professors, who teach that there must be luxury and a leisure class before any nation can have intellectual and esthetic growth. Prof. Edwin A. Earp, of Syracuse University, says that from an economic standpoint class distinctions are natural and necessary and that a great part of the world's work depends upon these distinctions. The professional man cannot be his own coachman, nor his wife her own cook. "He can't have his clothes smell of the stable, nor can his wife receive, dressed in a servant's garb. The professional man, therefore, has his coachman; and the professional man's wife her maid." Professor Earp takes his stand with Professor Wendell, saying that the people who want to level society down are akin to the mobs of the French Commune.

Prof. Robert F. Hoxie, of the University of Chicago, also believes that class conflict is bound to exist, and that it is a necessary aspect of the developing life-processes of society. Without these differences, he teaches, no division of labor, no specialization, no development of efficiency and individuality could exist. To obviate them, "we should have to accept the simplicity, stagnation, and atrophy of the communistic community."

Prof. John R. Commons, of the University of Wisconsin, has gone deeply into the problems of the present day. He feels that no ordinary struggle confronts society. There is no Samson to-day to pull the pillars down, but there is the terrible power of discontent. The new competition of manager against manager is checked up every month by the cold statistics of cost. They measure a man now as they do coal, iron, and kilowatts. Labor has become a commodity to be studied by scientists, and the results are marvelous—to the employer. Workmen can now be compared with one another and metered up like dynamos. And so there has come out of all the progress an "art of industrial psychology." Professor Commons shares the fear of Professor Ross that *the path of modern industry leads to class war*. Beyond that they see "the man on horseback."

Evolution, Professor Commons teaches, is not always development upward. "A new race of men is being created, with inherited traits of physical and moral degeneracy, suited to the new environment of the tenement-house, the saloon, and the jail." But there is a remedy for this in the practical application of spiritual laws. "To-day many of us are holding to the medieval doctrine of

the eternal opposition between body and soul . . . a doctrine which in its day of ascendancy sequestered the best men as ascetics and hermits and left bad men in unhampered control of practical affairs." The way out is not through the church door, however. In fact, one of the remarkable phases of the new college thought is a repudiation of nearly all the orthodox plans for the saving of society. "To-day the old doctrines," Professor Commons says, "lead the Christian church to preach salvation only for a future life—salvation for the soul apart from the body," and he adds that *the voice of the church has not been heard in the cause of any class of reforms that threaten profits.*

OUR ECONOMIC SALVATION

Prof. Joseph French Johnson, dean of the New York University School of Commerce, teaches that the migration of capital and the internationalization of trade will do much to bring about the economic salvation of America. Money has become the world's greatest missionary—one that is welcome to men of whatsoever faith. Enlightened self-interest is federating the nations. The brotherhood of dollars is the strongest, most enduring fraternity mankind has known. A sudden shifting of the rate of exchange in London can close (as it has done) the doors of banking-houses in New York, Paris, and Berlin. And because of the interlinking of world-interests through news-conveying wires, the cabled word of a frost in

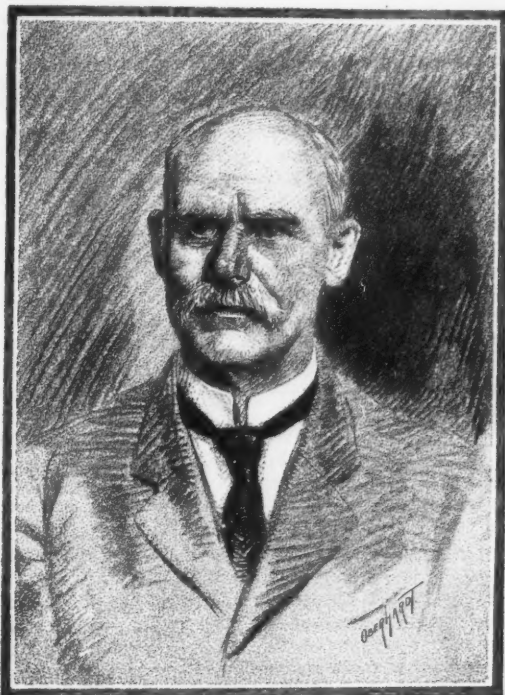
Argentina may forthwith nip the profits of several industrial nations, while a tornado in America is felt from Threadneedle Street to Tokio! *"Different nations still have their different political emblems, but the flag of commerce and finance is the same for all. To many of our business men a famine in India or Russia is more important than would be a famine in Massachusetts or Ohio."*

Motives of altruism do not hasten the dawn of millenniums, teaches Professor Ross. Sympathy will stay the wife-beater, but will not spurn a bribe; sympathy will snatch a child from the hoofs of traffic, but will not keep a watchman awake or hold a contractor to honest terms; sympathy will relieve the beggar, but will not stop criminal adulteration of foods; and men may be tender hearted but yet "smuggle in coolies, falsify news, and stuff the ballot-box."

PUBLICITY NO BLOW TO DISHONEST FINANCE

Prof. Edward S. Meade, of the University of Pennsylvania, takes issue with

the widespread hope that publicity would prove a stumbling-block to rascally operators in high finance. He contends that the public would still go crazy and literally insist upon putting its money into enterprises of which it knew nothing, in proof of which he cites the fact that the heaviest losses in recent saturnalias of speculation were not in industrial stocks, but in certain street-railways which periodically published income accounts and



GEORGE ELLIOTT HOWARD
(University of Nebraska)

"From the home to the university, training for the duties of the domestic life in all its incidents ought to be provided"

balance-sheets. The professor argues that people who buy the stocks of the trusts are not to be deterred by any number of balance-sheets. They are investing in futurity. There is a lure in mystery. The margin speculator delights in uncertainty.

It was to be expected that the college men would not teach that civilization is to be finally perfected by the conquest of the weak and their extermination by the strong. Many, in fact, have prepared the way for the doctrine of the spiritual dominance of all races in a common bond of higher science. Prof. W. B. Elkin, of the University of Missouri, teaches that the principle of nationality "will gradually become transmuted," and that "out of national independence will come the kingdom of heaven among men, dreamed of by poets, foretold by seers, and schematized by philosophers." In fact, a great body of the schoolmen have taken issue with the popular belief that America has made progress while other nations have stood comparatively still. Some of the professors teach that England, with its unwritten constitution, has in many ways progressed farther in actual democracy than America has. The English still maintain the fiction of royal rule, but the king, our college man insists, has far less authority than have our Revolutionary dead, whose documents we have enshrined as objects of idolatry and whose utterances we lack the independence to outgrow. Such is the emphasis placed on doctrines taught at Princeton, at the University of Nebraska, and at other seats of learning.

The contention is made that progress throughout the civilized world is practically simultaneous. I have encountered the teaching that if Cesare Borgia could have united Italy into a despotic state the history of the peninsula in the following four or five hundred years would have been happy and prosperous, and that Italy would nevertheless have the same political system which it has now. It is claimed in this connection that brutal force has entered into the development of all our customs, even into those which we think most noble and excellent. It is taught that nothing but might has ever made right, and as elections and the decisions of courts should be included in might, nothing but might makes right now. Whether the policy of a state is warlike or peaceful everyone must be paying taxes or doing military duty.

The decision of all lawsuits leaves one party protesting and complaining. Many



EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN
(Columbia University)

"The modern industrial system is slowly producing conditions incompatible with permanent and widespread poverty"

persons, it is taught in Yale, now argue against property that it began in force and, therefore, has no existence in right and justice. "They might say the same of marriage or religion," and the political economy as taught at New Haven sums up the subject by declaring that "the whole history of mankind is a series of actions open to doubt, dispute, and criticism, as to their right and justice, but all subsequent history has been forced to take up the consequences of those acts and go on."

THE PURPOSE OF THE STRUGGLE

The cosmopolitanism of the colleges and their readiness to consider new doctrines is summed up by Prof. William James, of Harvard, as follows:

"The nihilists, anarchists, and free-lovers; the socialists and single-tax men; the free-traders, the prohibitionists, the anti-vivisectionists, the radical Darwinians with their idea of suppressing the weak—these and all

the conservative elements of society arrayed against them are simply deciding through actual experiment by what sort of conduct the maximum of good can be gained and kept in the world. The pure philosopher can only follow the windings of the spectacle, confident that the line of least resistance will always be toward the richer and more inclusive arrangement, and that by one tack after another some approach to the kingdom of heaven is incessantly made."

I have discovered in my studies at various universities that the professor is far removed from the schoolman as tradition pictures him. The old notion was that the college savant had little more to do with the pulsating life of our day than the stone age, and that to him the pterodactyl, the diplodocus, and ancient philosophy had more meaning than the present problems. No greater misconception could be entertained. The professor of to-day is as modern as the telephone and aerial flight, both of which he introduced.

The wide significance of their iconoclastic teachings will be best understood by keeping in mind that the college men of to-day are practical. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Harvard's new president, is as much a product of the cotton-factory as he is of the college, and for seventeen years, moreover, was a leading lawyer of Boston, managing big estates; while his grandfather, John Armory Lowell, offered President Eliot, then an inconspicuous chemist, five thousand dollars per annum to superintend a factory.

Not all the professors are men of action, however. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, is quoted as saying of an out-of-date but

living colleague that the rule of the Hall of Fame, requiring a candidate to be at least ten years dead, would not debar that pedagogue. One professor of my acquaintance, who has devoted the whole of his maturer years to the hymenoptera, told me, with loud laughter, that in days gone by he attempted to write on all kinds of insects. I know another professor who sits in the basement of a scientific institute from nine to five (and counts it a delight) mounting butterflies on cards. These small dealers of science have some kinship undoubtedly with the ancient grammarian who, it is said, devoted himself to the ablative case, and regretted at his death-bed that his life had been so discursive.

A MODERN DECLARATION OF LIBERTY

There are many types of professors, but there is but one college spirit in America. All the teachings, in their multiplicity of ways, constitute a modern declaration of liberty. The professor's range is naturally vast. He

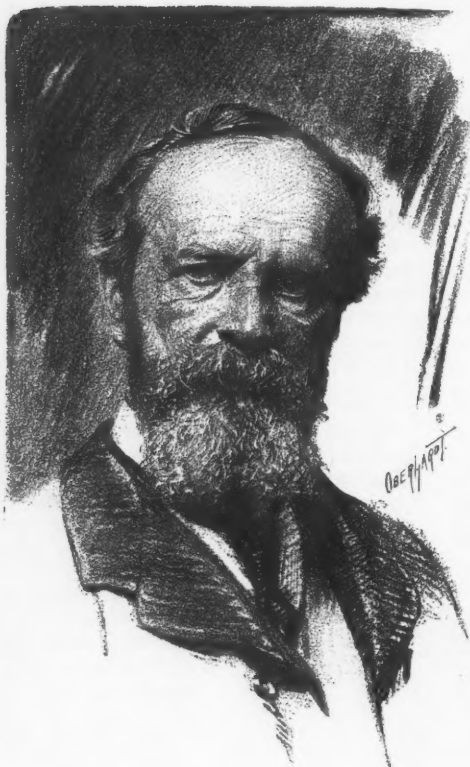
has need to have breadth of view. From the standpoint of the public, this may take him too far, but to that he is indifferent. He studies the cosmos. He is a cosmopolite. He seeks to create a Magna Charta for the mind. There is nothing in the arcana of the Almighty from which mankind should shrink.

It is a mistake to imagine that the feet of the professors of to-day are mired in the Silurian age. The college man digs into prehistoric strata for bones, but he likewise delves into living blood for bacilli. Germs and government, mosquitos and magnates, evolution and despair, chaos and Christianity and the force of the new spiritual dynamics, all pass for condem-



JEREMIAH W. JENKS
(Cornell University)

The cotton-weavers of England who smashed the spinning-instruments were no more foolish "than men of the present day who expect to see the business of railways and gas-companies regulated by commissions"



WILLIAM JAMES
(Harvard University)

"The nihilists, . . . the socialists, . . . the prohibitionists, the anti-vivisectionists, the radical Darwinians, . . . these and the conservative elements of society arrayed against them are simply deciding by actual experiment by what sort of conduct the maximum of good can be gained and kept in the world"

nation or quickening. Tenement purlieus and Fifth Avenue palaces—the alley and the avenue—interest him alike. He knows all about the troglodyte, but he is equally up on the trust.

To get an up-to-date appraisal of the revolutionary vitality of American university teachings, we must surrender the conception of the professor as an impractical man, burrowing among books and living apart from current life. The absent-minded professor, dreaming in a wide-awake world, has passed out of the class-room and across the campus forever. He survives only in comedy and

cartoon, and not significantly in these. The professor to-day is a man of the hour, like the banker, the publisher, and the railway president.

There have been a few professors in the United States, but fortunately not a representative class, who have sought publicity as the pearl of great price. They have lavished life's best oil, not to find truth, but to keep their own bonfires burning. Such spectacular schoolmen have made puny assaults upon Shakespeare. They have sought to cast scholastic ridicule upon old hymns. It would almost seem that the muses of such scholars had become attuned to vaudeville airs. It has been ventured by a professor of the University of Chicago that our attempt to put clothes on the Igorrotes was a sign that Americans are becoming immodest, and that the fashion of men of parting the hair in the middle was a symptom of degeneracy. It is only natural, too, that among so vast a body of brilliant men there should be a few who fail to live up to the high ethical standard popularly set for that profession, yet so dominant are the sturdier and more conventional types of scholars composing the faculties of American universities that the occasional professor who has wandered off to establish new altars and new ideas for himself has been repudiated by his colleagues.

It is only fair to state that the professors under whom I have studied and whose lectures I have read are not among the erratic class of thinkers. The many thousands of professors in America are not seekers after sensation. Many of them do not realize that their teachings would startle society.

Moreover, while the majority of them might prefer not to have their doctrines detached and scattered, the reason for this would probably be in the belief that the teaching apart from the context could easily be misconstrued. Thus, when in the *Columbia University Monthly*, George W. Cronyn explains the college thought that the noble mind can see nothing wrong in the nude, he has opportunity to set forth in detail the idea that "it is not the free, frank nudity of the Greek statues that offends us, but the half-draped suggestiveness of some of our modern arts." So, also, when Professor Sumner says that "there may be

nakedness without indecency and talks of adultery without lewdness," he explains that conventionalization has the power in certain times and places to make proper what, in another field, may be shocking and taboo.

Almost any striking thought taken from the remarkable lectures of Professor Giddings, of Columbia, would awaken surprise and almost alarm, and it is recognized that he is one of the greatest sociologists progressive thinking has produced. It seemed, for example, exceptionally sensational for him to say, as he recently did in his class-room, that the death-mask of Abraham Lincoln, preserved by the late Laurence Hutton, possesses all the traits of degeneracy as set forth by Lombroso. Professor Giddings was simply showing from anthropological data that "if you have a population that furnishes you a genius you have a population that will also furnish you crooks and lunatics," and that genius, insanity, and criminality are alike variations from the common type. In other words, the man that climbs Olympus and the second-story man, while vastly different in their social value, are both variants from the commonplace. Both have trodden under foot the hampering laws of conventionality.

The doctrine that degenerates, epileptics, and maniacs are produced by the same social processes that have their fruition in the sane, the successful, and the superior among men is accepted by most of the scientific students of society. Nevertheless it is a revelation to find an American professor of the highest rank, a scholar whose place is fixed with economists like Ricardo and John Stuart Mill, calmly setting forth to his classes in Columbia that all the traits of depravity as outlined by Lombroso are to be found in the death-mask of the greatest man secular history has produced in any age.

If any student comes thoughtless out of an American college it is not the fault of the faculty.

The professors do not hesitate to be re-

markably and scientifically frank in discussing the problems of society. Prof. Earl Barnes, of Philadelphia, says that "statistics prove that the criminals of the world are generally those who are not married," and Professor Earp tells his classes that when society prolongs celibacy it increases immorality. Prof. George Elliott Howard, of the University of Nebraska, in reviewing the subject of innocence as opposed to ignorance takes his stand against unnatural delicacy on the part of parents and teachers in matters relating to sex-life. He says that "from the home to the university, training for the duties of the domestic life in all its incidents ought to be provided."

It is not strange, therefore, that professors who find society remiss in the treatment of the most vital issues of life should venture boldly to call in question the various panaceas popularly offered for the regeneration of the body politic. History of the past and contemporary times must be studied, the professors insist, with the searching light of science. They teach that a great change is at hand in the world; that the diffusion of light along all lines of thought is creating a new régime among men. Professor Seligman, of Columbia, says that when the world becomes ready for socialism or other economic ideals such innovations will be superfluous; and that "while absolute equality is an iridescent dream, running counter to the law of all life and the explanation of all change, the modern industrial system is slowly producing conditions incompatible with permanent and widespread poverty."

Professor Seligman, too, takes the ground with Professor Johnson, of New York University, that there is great hope for the world in the fact that the nations have become federated in finance; and the psychologists and other philosophers among the professors are now teaching the workings of a law which they believe to be dominating all the movements making for national progress and international unity.

In the July issue **Mr. Bolce** will relate what the professors have to say concerning the *Spiritual Restlessness* so prevalent at the present time





IN THE DOORWAY STOOD MISS ROBINSON AND UNCLE FRED

("Such is Life")



CHANNING HAD SEIZED THE LAD AND BORNE HIM TO SAFETY

Such is Life

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Alexander Popini

SHOULD it occur to you that you have seen the title of this story before, do not let it worry you. You probably have. It is a very common title, but then you must remember that life also is very common. The crudeness of it might have been softened by the selection of a bright proverb from the Lamentations of Jeremiah or an apt quotation from Shakespeare, but neither Jeremiah nor Shakespeare ever lived on the East Side. Come to think of it, the title isn't so bad, after all. I have seen worse. In fact, I think it is a really excellent title. It not only fits the story, but it expresses the moral that the story points. There is, of course, another moral to the story, but it is one of those morals that selfish people keep locked in the secret corners of their hearts and chuckle over in solitude.

George Frederick Channing, strolling down Hester Street during the busiest hour of the market, reflecting upon the distressing conditions of East Side life that he had come to improve, found his attention suddenly arrested by the spectacle of a grimy, ragged-looking urchin of seven or eight years of age holding fast to the tail of a cat with one hand while he calmly belabored the animal's head with a stick which he held in the other. The cat was tugging to free itself; the lad was humming a tune. The spectacle of boyish cruelty aroused Channing's indignation.

"Stop that, you little imp!" he cried, advancing threateningly upon the lad. The lad paused in his occupation, surprised, and looked up at Channing with two big, brown, self-confident, and impudent eyes that nearly took Channing's breath away. The cat gave a final tug and, freeing itself from its captor's grasp, ran out into the street. After

a brief stare in which injured dignity mingled with haughty resentment the boy turned up his little nose, made a deliberate face at Channing, and then ran at full speed out into the street after the cat.

Channing could hardly restrain a smile. "The impudent little beggar!" he muttered. Then, suddenly, his heart almost stopped beating. The cat was running across the path of an oncoming wagon—was not ten feet from the horses—and the little fellow, running as fast as his little legs could carry him, would in a moment rush headlong under the horses' feet. There were others who saw it. A loud cry arose, and then—it all happened in the twinkling of an eye—Channing had cleared the intervening space, upsetting a pedler's cart in the rush, had seized the lad, and, by the momentum of his onrush, had borne him to safety, not, however, before a horse's hoof had struck him violently upon the ankle. Channing limped for two months after that episode, but that has nothing to do with this story.

From out the excited, jabbering throng that quickly surrounded him there rushed a young woman, garbed in black, whose eyes were even bigger and browner than the little boy's. She clasped the little fellow in her arms and kissed him and hugged him until he began to cry. Then, turning upon Channing, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him while all who looked on nodded approvingly.

"You have save my boy! I have see it! I have see it!" she exclaimed, and then she became hysterical, and her friends led her away.

Channing, red with embarrassment, limped off to the Rutgers Street Settlement House, his East Side home, and sent for a doctor to bandage his ankle. That night he wrote to Miss Edna Robinson, telling just enough of the incident to explain the fact that he would be unable to dine with her and her uncle the following day.

It was the beginning of Channing's second week on the East Side. He had tried to be of assistance in the work of the settlement several times before, but this was the first time he had taken up his residence in the district. He was a clean-cut young chap, earnest and possessed of the lofty ideals that animate the average settlement worker, lacking, however, that sense of humor that is necessary to an appreciation of the proportion of things. Uncle Fred—that is,

Edna Robinson's Uncle Fred—possessed the humorous sense.

"George," he had said, "if you want to waste all your money on those people on the East Side, can't you do it by mail?"

Channing had explained in great detail that it was only personal contact with the East-Siders that could alleviate their sufferings and keep them from starving.

"My boy," Uncle Fred had drawled, "remember what the philosopher said—'Whom God sees fit to starve, let not man presumptuously rescue.'"

Channing had resented this indignantly, but in the midst of his impassioned argument he had observed that Uncle Fred had fallen asleep.

The following evening Mrs. Mirsky and her son Davy were ushered into Channing's apartment in the settlement house.

"Rabbi Itzik tell me your name. I come to say much oblige because Davy didn't get runned over. I can't pay nothing because I ain't got. It's hard times. But maybe if you have sewing what I can do by night, I like very much. For nothing, because I'm glad."

Channing was exceedingly touched by the woman's gratitude. It occurred to him, also, that she was as attractive a woman as he had ever seen in the Ghetto, but being engaged and having perfect control over himself, he dismissed this aspect of the situation from his mind. He was also exceedingly impressed with the change that had come over the appearance of the boy. The lad's face shone with cleanliness.

"Your husband——" Channing began, in an inquiring tone, but Mrs. Mirsky smiled sadly and shook her head.

"Only me and Davy," she said. "My husband was dead two years. Davy, go to the man and say much oblige you don't get runned over."

Davy advanced gravely and held out his hand, which Channing took.

"Thank you much oblige," he said and, pointing to a bookcase in a corner of the room, added, "Can I for to see the picture-books?"

"I have no picture-books, Davy," replied Channing, "but I'll see if I can't get you some."

He took Mrs. Mirsky's address and in the course of a few minutes' conversation elicited from her the fact that she worked in a



MRS. MIRSKY TOOK CHANNING'S HAND IN BOTH HER OWN.
"EXCUSE," SHE SAID. "PLEASE!"

tailor's shop from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and that she earned barely enough money to support herself and her boy.

"I'll call around to see you to-morrow night," he said. Then—crash! The bookcase had fallen to the floor, spilling all its contents upon the carpet and smashing the glass door into a hundred fragments. Master Davy had been trying to get at the books and had been tugging at the door to open it. Mrs. Mirsky pounced upon her offspring and began to cuff his ears, but Channing, with a weary gesture, interposed.

"He didn't mean to do it," he said. "Please don't punish him." But Mrs. Mirsky persisted in chastising Davy.

"I didn't go for to do it," the lad bawled.

Mrs. Mirsky took Channing's hand in both her own. "Excuse," she said, with her head poised appealingly to one side. "Please!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Channing when they had departed. "Davy is an expensive visitor!"

When Mrs. Mirsky reached home she explained to Davy the enormity of his offense, and when Davy began to cry she had to console him with hugs and kisses, and then the sun shone once more.

"If I could only give him something—some little present, Davy," Mrs. Mirsky said in Yiddish, "I would be so happy. He is a fine man. He saved your life. And he didn't even get angry when you broke the bookcase. It must cost nearly ten dollars."

She sighed. If she had had ten dollars in the world there is not the slightest doubt that she would have wandered forth to replace the damaged bookcase and probably never would have discovered that it actually cost over a hundred dollars and that merely to restore the small diamond panes in their metal frames would cost more money than she possessed. But Davy, whose little mind had been struggling with the problem of gratitude, suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh, mama, I know where I can get some nice flowers to give the man!"

"To buy?" asked his mother.

Davy shook his head. "Free, for nothing," he replied. "The teacher took us to the place last week, and I saw a whole lot of flowers. After school to-morrow I will get some."

When school closed the following day Davy left his books in the butcher's shop on the ground floor of the tenement in which

the Mirskys lived and turning his face westward set forth boldly upon his mission. He walked on and on through the familiar scenes of the Ghetto until he came to the Bowery, and here he found himself in a strange neighborhood. He had been that far from home upon only one occasion, and he had to pause to take his bearings. He remembered that the teacher had taken him with the other boys on a red car. He remembered that they had all stood in the middle of the street until the car came. So Davy went out into the middle of the street and stood there until he saw a red car approach. And then he knew his way. He did not take the car because he had no money, but, returning to the sidewalk, he set out to walk sturdily in the direction in which the car was going. He walked and walked and walked, and it seemed to him as if his walk would never end. At first the unaccustomed surroundings, the houses he had never seen before, the signs, the pictures in the windows, and all the bustle and traffic of a busy thoroughfare entertained him and gave buoyancy to his step. But the sidewalk was hard, and long before he had walked two miles his little feet began to ache. Still he trudged on bravely, gazing no longer to right or to left but bearing steadfastly forward to his goal—those beautiful flowers that he would gather for the man who had saved him from being run over. Once he paused for nearly five minutes to watch some fire-engines dashing madly through a side street, but when he had made sure that they all had passed and that no more were coming he resumed his journey. At Fortieth Street an ice-wagon passed him. His impulse was to run out into the street and clamber upon the step in the rear. His mother, however, had often forbidden him to indulge in this pastime and had warned him of the dreadful consequences that often ensued from little boys' stealing a ride behind wagons. He managed to resist the temptation, but it was only for a few minutes. The ice-wagon came to a standstill a few blocks farther on, and Davy caught up with it. And now the temptation was entirely too strong. There could be no danger in mounting upon the step of a wagon that stood still. Davy waited until the driver returned to his seat and then in a flash climbed upon the step. He was such a little chap that he had to get up on his stomach, then on his knee, and then pull himself up. The

wagon started, and Davy had the joyful sensation of traveling without exertion. But after two blocks the wagon turned into a side street, and Davy had to jump off.

He landed upon his feet, but the street was muddy, and he slipped and rolled over, and when he picked himself up, without bruise or scratch, he was as muddy a specimen of boyhood as one ever saw. A kind-hearted woman stopped to help him scrape some of the mud from his clothes, and Davy asked her,

"Where is it the place where the trees and flowers is?"

"Central Park?" asked the woman. Yes, that was the name. Davy had not been able, for the life of him, to recall it. The woman directed him, and Davy trudged on.

The brightness of the day had begun to dim when finally Davy found himself in Central Park, and by the time he had discovered one of the flower-beds twilight had set in. But he had found the flowers, and was happy. There they stretched, a perfect sea of them, in all the colors of the rainbow, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. Without hesitation, without looking to right or to left, Davy plunged boldly into this riot of color and began to pluck the flowers. He plucked them systematically. First he took a big red one and a big yellow one and a big purple one. Then he took a lot of smaller red ones and yellow ones and purple ones. Then he selected some of each color that were even smaller. He had completed a nosegay that filled his arms and was standing erect looking about him to make sure that he had overlooked no variety when he was suddenly seized by the collar with a force that made his teeth chatter.

"Av all th' impudence! Ye little villain, are ye tryin' t' carry away th' whole park?"

Davy looked up and found himself in the clutches of the law. He gazed at the policeman with fearless, untroubled eyes. "I was near for to be runned over. Comes a man what grabs me, and I broked a bookcase, but I didn't go for to do it, but mama says it's nice to give a present on the man what don't cost much, so I seen the flowers. The teacher tooked me by Cen'ul Park first."

The policeman looked down upon the bright little face, then he gathered the nosegay in one hand and Davy in the other.

Channing limped around to see Mrs. Mirsky, taking with him a number of pic-

ture-books that he had bought for Davy. He had made inquiries in the neighborhood regarding the woman, and all whom he had questioned had agreed that she was hard working, good, and honest and that her lot was exceedingly pathetic.

"I am afraid you are working too hard," he said to her. "You do not look strong enough to work in a tailor's shop."

Mrs. Mirsky clasped her hands. "What else can I do?"

"I will see if I cannot find you some lighter work," replied Channing. "Here are some books I brought for the boy."

Mrs. Mirsky seized his hand and kissed it. "You stay till Davy is back come?" she asked.

Channing shook his head. "I have invited some people to come and see me, and I must be back at the settlement."

The tears came into Mrs. Mirsky's eyes. "Please!" she pleaded. "A little while stay. Soon comes Davy, and maybe he has something."

Channing looked at his watch and frowned. But there was no need to wait long. There came an imperious rap upon the door, and without waiting for an invitation a policeman entered.

"Mirsky live here?" he asked, consulting a slip of paper in his hand. Mrs. Mirsky, with one hand upon her heart, clung to a chair for support. She had turned pale. "Your kid's been locked up for stealing flowers in the park. The captain sent me around to tell you."

When the policeman had departed Mrs. Mirsky clutched Channing's arm. "What is?" she pleaded. "He is hurt?"

Channing explained the situation to her.

"No! No!" she cried. "Davy don't go for to steal. He is a good boy. He went for to get some flowers to give by you on a present because you save him."

Channing groaned inwardly. "Don't worry, Mrs. Mirsky," he said. "I'll go up and get him out. It's all a mistake, I guess. But don't you worry about it."

Channing telephoned to cancel his evening's engagement and set forth to free Davy from the clutches of the law. Three hours later Davy was restored to his mother.

"A big, fat cop stole the flowers off of me by the station house!" he exclaimed indignantly.

The next day Channing called upon Lem-



DAVY GAZED AT THE POLICEMAN WITH FEARLESS, UNTRUBLED EYES

nowitz, who kept a little dry-goods store on Canal Street, and asked him if he could employ Mrs. Mirsky. He explained the situation to him, but Lemnowitz shook his head. He knew Channing and admired and liked him, but this matter of giving employment to people meant money.

"Der East Side, Mr. Shanning," he said, "is full mit people vot need chobs. I got no place unt no money."

"You find something for her to do in your store," said Channing; "something light, because she isn't very strong. Pay her ten dollars a week, and I'll send you a check for that amount every week. You needn't tell her anything about it, though. I'll look around in the meantime to see if I can find a place for her in the country."

Lemnowitz bowed to the ground. The magnanimity of Channing awed him. You can awe almost anybody on the East Side by paying ten dollars a week. And not only on the East Side.

The following morning Channing gave instructions that if Miss Edna Robinson and her uncle came they were to be sent up to his apartment without delay. He had barely finished his breakfast when there came a tap on his door, and Mrs. Mirsky entered. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her eyes were beaming.

"Comes Mr. Lemnowitz by me and gives me a job with ten dollars a week because you speak with him. Nearly the horses kill Davy, and you save him. He break your bookcase, and you don't say a scold—not a word. And when Davy get took by the cops you save him again. Everything you do for us is so good. I come to say much oblige." And before Channing was aware of her intent Mrs. Mirsky had thrown her arms around his neck and had planted a resounding kiss upon his cheek.

"Ahem!"

In the doorway stood Miss Robinson and Uncle Fred. Miss Robinson was quite pale, while her uncle

was tugging excitedly at his mustache. Channing advanced impulsively, then suddenly stopped. The situation had dawned upon him.

"I understand," was all that Miss Robinson said. Uncle Fred began to chew the ends of his mustache. Mrs. Mirsky alone was unperturbed.

"You busy now?" she asked Channing. "You got people. I go. I only come to say how much oblige."

"Edna!" cried Channing. But Miss Robinson had preceded the widow down the stairs.

"Oh, I say, Uncle Fred," exclaimed Channing. "Edna isn't such a goose as to—you surely don't think that—why—"

"Devilish good-looking woman, that," remarked Uncle Fred, as he turned toward the stairs. "No style on the East Side, though. You and Edna'll have to straighten it out between you. Bye-bye!"

And Channing was left alone.

Channing straightened the matter out. It took a long time, but after the first shock had passed Edna's confidence in him re-

turned, and she believed his story implicitly. While Channing was striving to explain to her exactly what had happened and calling upon her nearly every day little Davy fell into the habit of paying him a daily visit. Sometimes he came when Channing was in

his apartment and sat there for an hour, prattling about his school and his games and his picture-books. At other times he came when Channing was out and, without hesitation, made himself thoroughly at home in the apartment. One day he brought a little friend.

"It's Sammy Levy," he said by way of introduction. "He's in the same

class by me, only I can lick him."

"It's a lie," remarked Sammy Levy.

The next day Channing, returning to his apartment, found the place in a turmoil. Davy and Sammy were fighting. A student's lamp had been demolished, an inkstand had been overturned upon a pile of papers, and the rug on the floor was stained with ink. Channing lost his patience and administered upon Davy a spanking that made him howl. So prolonged and painful did those howls become that Channing finally took the little chap upon his lap and began to comfort him. But Davy continued to cry and would not be consoled.

That night Mrs. Mirsky called. Her eyes were red with crying. "Davy didn't go for to do it. He is a good boy. He cried so bad because you hit him I got 'fraid and went for the doctor, and he says for sure you made Davy very sick with the mumps."

"Poor little chap!" thought Channing. "That's probably what made him cry so much."

The next day Channing awoke slightly



"I HEARD THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE MARRIED,"
SAID THE RABBI

feverish and with a feeling of intense physical discomfort. He sent for the settlement physician, who, after a brief examination, grinned.

"Mumps!" he said.

When Channing had fully recovered he went to the country, giving orders that his furniture be taken out of his apartment and sent to him there. He continued to send to Lemnowitz each week the check that paid Mrs. Mirsky's wages.

It was six months after he had left the Ghetto and a few days before his marriage was to take place that Rabbi Itzik called upon him.

"I heard that you are about to be married," said the rabbi, "and I came to con-

gratulate you. I hope that you will be happy and that the joy you have given to others will be returned to you a thousandfold."

Channing asked him about Mrs. Mirsky and Davy.

The rabbi's face beamed. "You haven't heard? Mrs. Mirsky and Mr. Lemnowitz were married four months ago, and she has a fine home now for Davy."

Channing gazed at the rabbi with parted lips. "Four months ago, you say?"

The rabbi nodded. "It's four months ago yesterday," he replied. "I was at the wedding. That Lemnowitz is a fine business man."

Channing rubbed his chin reflectively for a long time. "Yes," he said slowly. "I guess he is."



The Song

By Mary White Slater

EARTH is never tired of lying
In the embraces of the sun,
Ocean old is ever sighing
For the moon when day is done;
Wooing winds caress the flowers,
Rivers rush to wed the sea;
Nature urges, through the hours:
I love you! Do you love me?

THE MAN

A man lived by the song, and—well,
The world said: "Hush, my dear, don't tell;
He sees the error of his ways,
Repents—he even mourns and prays.
Forget!"

THE WOMAN

A woman listened, loved, and fell;
The world said: "Let her rest in hell,
Her prayers and tears are meant for show,
So let her grovel with the low.
Remember!"



SCENE FROM "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

Dramatic Censors and Some New Plays

OUR MORAL CENSORS ARE SO BUSY DENOUNCING THE EVILS OF THE STAGE THAT THEY NEVER FIND TIME TO ADVISE US TO SEE THE FINE AND INSPIRING PRODUCTIONS

By Alan Dale



ARE we really so very dreadful? All this recent whirlpool of scathing talk about a censor, all this suggested legislative enactment against the "impure" drama, assumes a pestilential tendency in our really young and frolicsome hearts that is, to say the least, unflattering. It assumes that, unless curbed, we are in danger of a moral decadence that is startling; it assumes that our poor little critics are hypocritical Pecksniiffs who inveigh against evil plays in order that audiences shall flock to see them. But its worst assumption of all is that we are so verdant, so imbecile, and so guileless that these dramas—which are most ingeniously meretricious—will positively undermine our national Constitution.

The inference is, of course, that our Constitution is extremely anemic; that it is, in fact, waiting to be undermined. Permit me to add the precious thought that if any play

on the boards to-day can undermine our Constitution it deserves to be undermined. It is too weak to stand alone. I could understand certain fears and apprehensions on the part of three-named ladies and pussycat gentlemen if our stage ever attempted to reproduce some of the unspeakable plays that are popular in Paris and Brussels. Then we might get up on our hind legs and snort. The plays that are raged against in New York are mostly vulgar and contemptibly stupid. They could not conceivably injure the audiences that go to see them. But vulgar and contemptibly stupid though they be, they are not so vulgar and so contemptibly stupid as their audiences.

Drama is often said to be pernicious because it deals with evil people. Fanatics believe that the portrayal of evil people on the stage is an admission that everything is evil. Which is ridiculous. A really moral play may deal conscientiously with evil people, and thus boost morality. To be moral a

play is not obliged to treat exclusively of optimism, pretty, gushing misses, and innocuous, milk-and-water men. Our fanatics want to land us in a sea of trouble. Optimism is a nice and pleasant thing, but there is an optimism that is more destructive than pessimism—the optimism that assumes our unbudging virtue. Somebody has said that “the grass grows green again when we believe in the devil.” The grass is very sere and yellow when there is no devil to nourish it, no devil to drive it to greenness, no devil to make its greenness desirable.

These little convulsions of eczema occur regularly. They are better “out” than “in.” Horribly tedious and vulgar affairs like “The Girl from Rector’s” seem inevitable. We must, however, insist upon being credited with a certain amount of good taste. Anybody who could sit through this inane offering without squirming in mortal weariness would be a marvel. Certain audiences may flock to see such a show, after its moral obliquities have been duly censored, but—well, just go and analyze those audiences. I did it. I saw a collection of paunch-faced, obese men, each with a huge cigar in the corner of his mouth, and labeled with the tout and wine-agent label. I saw a collection of frowsy, over-

dressed, and tittering women, very loud, very unattractive, and very unmistakable. And “The Girl from Rector’s” was not nearly so objectionable as they were. The youth, and the refinement, and the culture of New York were all absent.

What was there to fear? Who was present to be contaminated? Could the play, however bad it might be, be worse than its audience? Could anything make that audience worse than it was? New York is a very big city, and there are all kinds of people in it. Some of these people, hunting on their own level, find a play of this ilk. Other people who are perfectly healthy, and whose good taste has not been vitiated, neither look for this sort of play nor patronize it when it is announced.

We must be credited with a certain amount of sanity. We are not too sane, you know, but just sane enough to be able to take care of ourselves. Why should we give up our liberty to a pack of censors? Why should we open up other channels for the delicate commodity known as graft? Moreover, what man exists that can “cense”? If you



SCENE WITH DALLAS WELFORD IN “THE GIRL FROM RECTOR’S”



FANNIE WARD AND CHARLES CARTWRIGHT IN "THE NEW LADY BANTOCK"

study the methods of poor old Redford, the London censor, you will be amazed at the iniquitously ludicrous things he has done—the classics he has barred and the puerilities he has permitted. Yet he is a serious and dignified person. He means well. I am convinced that he is absolutely honest. Perhaps he wouldn't be in New York city. Anyway I should hate to see him here. I should hate to see a young and really pure-minded people insulted by a censor. When we are old enough to have lost our sense of perspective—then let us have a censor. A censor is really a sort of trained nurse for the feeble minded. We are not yet feeble minded. We may be anon. Everything

comes to him who waits—even a feeble mind.

Miss Violet Dale, Miss Elita Proctor Otis, Mr. Dallas Welford, and Mr. William Burrell were all unable to give any dramatic significance to "The Girl from Rector's." This, in itself, shows the utter futility of the play. Experienced actors who are unable

to lift a play to any serious consideration show irrefutably the weakness of the play.

But all this pow-wow and this Dead Sea of drivel would give a stranger within our gates the utterly misleading idea that we had lost all our culture, to say nothing of our good sense. We hear exclusively of the evil drama; nobody has a kind word to throw at the worthy drama and at good acting. 'Tis ever thus. One sinner undoes a dozen non-sinners. It really looks as though we were all terribly interested in sinners. Perhaps in our heart of hearts we are, but it is not good policy to emphasize the fact.

Why drag one's nose along the sewers, when it can be uplifted to the sky? Why root in the mire, like swine, when there is the blue firmament above? Why not make a point of booming the really moral plays in our midst, instead of the unmoral ones?

Have we no good plays? Are the two or three pernicious things in New York city all that New York city has to offer? It really looks like it. We are so busy suggesting that ministers preach against our evil that we have no time to ask them to uphold our good. Ministers, whose object it should certainly be to see the good things of life rather than the bad things, appear to see

only the bad. They never ask their hearers to see a virtuous play, but prefer to ask them *not* to see the unvirtuous ones. Which always reminds me of the nice old lady who before going out said to her grandchildren, "Be good, my dears, and don't put beans up your noses while I'm away," and who discovered on her return that every mortal grandchild had beans up its nose!

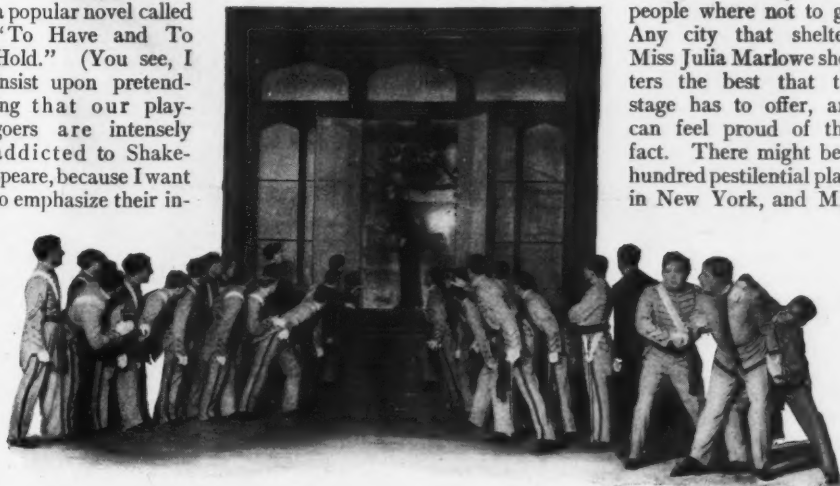
Why not, instead of prating against the vulgarity and illiteracy of certain plays, prate *for* the refinement and the educational beauty of others? Do ministers know only bad things and not good ones? Is it only the bad play that can lure them from their shells, and does the good one pall upon them? Why do they not tell their parishioners to go and see Miss Julia Marlowe? Miss Marlowe's most recent appearance was at Daly's Theater, New York, in a play of the French Revolution called "The Goddess of Reason," by Miss Mary Johnston. Now the French Revolution is about the most innocuous French thing that our drama ever gets. We are always "on" about the evil we get from France, but we forget the French Revolution, which was romantic and exciting. We ourselves couldn't have done anything better than the French Revolution. Yet we are not grateful to France.

"The Goddess of Reason," however, is not a good play, and it is very heavy. Miss Mary Johnston seemed to imagine that she was Shakespeare—a Shakespeare that had "evolved" from a popular novel called "To Have and To Hold." (You see, I insist upon pretending that our playgoers are intensely addicted to Shakespeare, because I want to emphasize their in-

ordinate good taste.) But if "The Goddess of Reason" is a somewhat dreary and coagulated play let me hasten to hurl eulogies at Miss Julia Marlowe, undoubtedly the most exquisite classic actress on the English-speaking stage to-day. Here we have an artist so subtle, so graceful, and so alluring that the play in which she appears is really of secondary consideration. Here we have dramatic authority, superb elocutionary charm, beauty and merit that are absolutely unmistakable. It was a joy to listen to her as Yvette, the peasant girl in "The Goddess of Reason." One hung entranced upon her utterances; one marveled at her rhythmical precision. Every man and woman of culture and refinement could revel in this matchless impersonation.

Julia Marlowe is extraordinarily charming. When Sarah Bernhardt was in this country she unhesitatingly pointed to Miss Marlowe as the best American actress that she had seen. When Eleonora Duse was here she went to see Miss Marlowe, and stood up in her box to applaud her. Now both Bernhardt and Duse know a thing or two about acting. One is bound to admit that. It is therefore my cheery way of driving my point home to endorse as my own opinion those of the eminent French and Italian actresses.

Did any minister arise and tell his audiences to go and see Miss Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason"? Not at all. They were all too busy telling people where not to go. Any city that shelters Miss Julia Marlowe shelters the best that the stage has to offer, and can feel proud of that fact. There might be a hundred pestilential plays in New York, and Miss



ELSIE JANIS AND THE WEST POINT CADETS IN "THE FAIR CO-ED"

Marlowe's presence would be irrefutable testimony to the merit of the stage—the exception that proves the rule. There is no record that crowds flocked to Daly's to see "The Goddess of Reason." Critics praised Miss Marlowe—they could not do otherwise—but they were too fractious about the piece, which in this case did not matter very much.

It seems to me most discouraging. If you want a censor to put a veto on bad plays, why not a censor to place a boom on the good ones? Why are we so busy about evil when we own good? That is a mystery. If we were plunged in a billowy sea of abject drama it would be different. We are not. Miss Julia Marlowe is as good an actress as the world holds. We waste our time slating the bad ones, and dismiss the good ones with

scant consideration. "The Goddess of Reason" itself proved to be unlively, but it was the excuse for some of the most perfect acting I have ever seen—and I have seen some!

Let us not be too optimistically pessimistic. Let us not resolutely determine to see only the defective morality of the stage. What we look for, we find. We can find heaps of good if we take the trouble to look for it. Good is not loud or obstreperous. It is quiet and unobtrusive. It deserves a little attention, don't you think? It is not considered sensational, of course, but I think that it should be so considered. Why not

make as much of a sensation of Miss Marlowe's magnificent acting as we make of the magnificent idiocy and vulgarity of the unmoral plays? It is possible to make a sensation of any-



HELEN WARE AND EDMUND BREESE IN "THE THIRD DEGREE"

thing if we try. We don't try. We assume that sensationalism lurks only in evil. We make a great splurge about evil. It is our long suit. Why? Anything that is extraordinarily good is surely sensationally so.

That meek little lady, Miss Eleanor Robson, in "The Dawn of a To-morrow," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, was as pleasant and affable as ever. Mrs. Burnett, in this play, appears to be an advocate of New Thought—in word if not in deed. New Thought is rather a good thing, because

it is old thought with another name. It is like appendicitis, which is a new name for a pain in the stomach. Many people are reconciled to appendicitis because it seems so new and worthy. And in the same way many people are very fond of New Thought, which seems to give a vigorous twist to old doctrines. Glad, the heroine of "The Dawn of a To-morrow," has firm belief in the power of will, and preaches the fact that if you ask for anything you will get it. Old-fashioned people, who have believed in prayer, attribute to prayer the same result. Mrs. Burnett, however, is up-to-date. She calls old-fashioned prayer by some other name, and that appeals to a new cult. It is a very preachy play, but if we have got to have preaching we might as well have it served up as something new. New Thought sounds well to people who imagine that old thought has gone out of fashion. As old truths live forever, it is just as well to give them a spring cleaning occasionally, and let tired people look upon them as new.

But "The Dawn of a To-morrow" is New Thought in preach only. Otherwise it is quite old melodrama with a nice old burglary in it. If New Thought is really pos-



JULIA MARLOWE IN A SCENE FROM "THE GODDESS OF REASON"

sible in the drama to-day, let it rid us of murder, and burglary, and forgery, and other crime; of wronged women and of wronging men—and even of the slums in which Mrs. Burnett's play is cast. Otherwise we shall be inclined to look upon New Thought as a very feeble thing. Glad is optimistic and cheerful and winsome, but methinks she doth protest too much.

It is a very poverty-stricken play, and it is filled with soliloquies which are old thought gone to seed. The soliloquy in a New Thought play struck me as being distinctly out of place. It was like harking back to the days of dramatic barbarism, and doing it all in the name of a new creed. Moreover, as thought plays so important a rôle in this cult, why should it be necessary for anybody to think aloud? Mrs. Burnett's inconsistency is exceedingly glaring, but she is a nice lady, and nice ladies are always inconsistent.

Miss Robson has a distinctly refined and agreeable personality, and that goes a long way. She is ingenuous and simple. Her methods are all unobtrusive and unaffected. She is at times even pathetic; she "touches" you by her charm. She is another instance

of the good that is with us, and that we decline to emphasize in our frenzied hunt for evil. Miss Robson's good, however, could never be sensational, like Miss Marlowe's. It is just good; if you want it, it is there. It is there for young people, and for old. Those who are crying down the theater as an unmitigated moral pestilence may kindly note this.

"The Third Degree," written by the usually peevish Charles Klein, is just melodrama. By that I do not mean to decry melodrama, which is a very useful form of entertainment—for "them as likes it." I mean merely to call attention to Mr. Klein's peevishness—which is the only amusing thing in "The Third Degree." His peevishness is concerned with what he calls "yellow" newspapers—meaning, of course, those that deal with sensational happenings. But in "The Third Degree" he tries hard to be "yellower" than jaundice itself. It is quite marvelously yellow. It is, in fact, "orange chrome." It begins with a suicide in the very first half of the very first act. It sets forth the sensational infamy of the police, who, by hypnotic power, induce an innocent young man to admit the crime. It daubs thickly on the picture the agony of the wife of the most innocent young man. It shows us the flashy woman to whom the suicide has written a letter before committing the deed. It is very vivid melodrama. If Mr. Klein had read his series of horrors in a newspaper he would have thrown aside the sheet contemptuously as "yellow." As it is, he uses his series of horrors as an excuse for inveighing against their very yellowness. This is peevishness with a vengeance. Mr. Klein, and other people, have a right to their peevishness. Peevishness is the luxury of a non-serene mentality. It is very comforting at times. It is a nice thing to have

in the house. But real peevishness should be consistent, and Mr. Klein's peevishness is not.

"The Third Degree," however, was capably acted by people who knew how to get the most out of its yellow situations. Miss

Helen Ware came to the front as an emotional actress of distinct and unusual merit. Her work was so excellent that it gave vitality to the play. She is a febrile and convincing actress of whom great things may be expected with confidence. Mr. Edmund Breece, who will be remembered for his fine work in "The Lion and the Mouse," gave a capital performance, and so did young Mr. Wallace Eddinger, who is one of the very few instances of a child-actor amounting to anything in later days.

Miss Fannie Ward is really a very fascinating young woman, and as pretty as a picture—much prettier than some of her pictures that I have seen. In "The New Lady

Bantock" she showed the dramatic development of an ambitious young woman. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's gentle but not side-splitting treatment of caste in England was interesting, as everything that Jerome does is. This was another nice thing to be pitted against the nasty ones.

The same may be said for "The Fair Co-Ed," in which Miss Elsie Janis appeared among a mob of college boys, and amid a tumult of youth and of high spirits. "The Fair Co-Ed" was clean, amusing, and delightfully staged. The well-worn chorus lady was shelved. In her place was the chorus boy in the might of his juvenility, and this was an innovation. It was even startling. Miss Janis was startling principally when she sang. Then you wished she wouldn't.



ELEANOR ROBSON





GABRIELLE RAY, THE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH ACTRESS, IN THE LONDON
PRODUCTION OF "THE MERRY WIDOW"



ELSIE JANIS AS CYNTHIA BRIGHT IN GEORGE ADE AND GUSTAVE
LUDER'S NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE FAIR CO-ED"



FANNIE WARD IN THE TITLE ROLE OF JEROME K. JEROME'S LATEST
COMEDY, "THE NEW LADY BANTOCK"



HELEN WARE, WHO HAS COME TO THE FRONT AS AN EMOTIONAL
ACTRESS IN "THE THIRD DEGREE"



Photograph by Ring

HELENA BYRNE, WHO PLAYS THE RÔLE OF NORA IN WILLIAM COLLIER'S
PRODUCTION OF "THE PATRIOT"

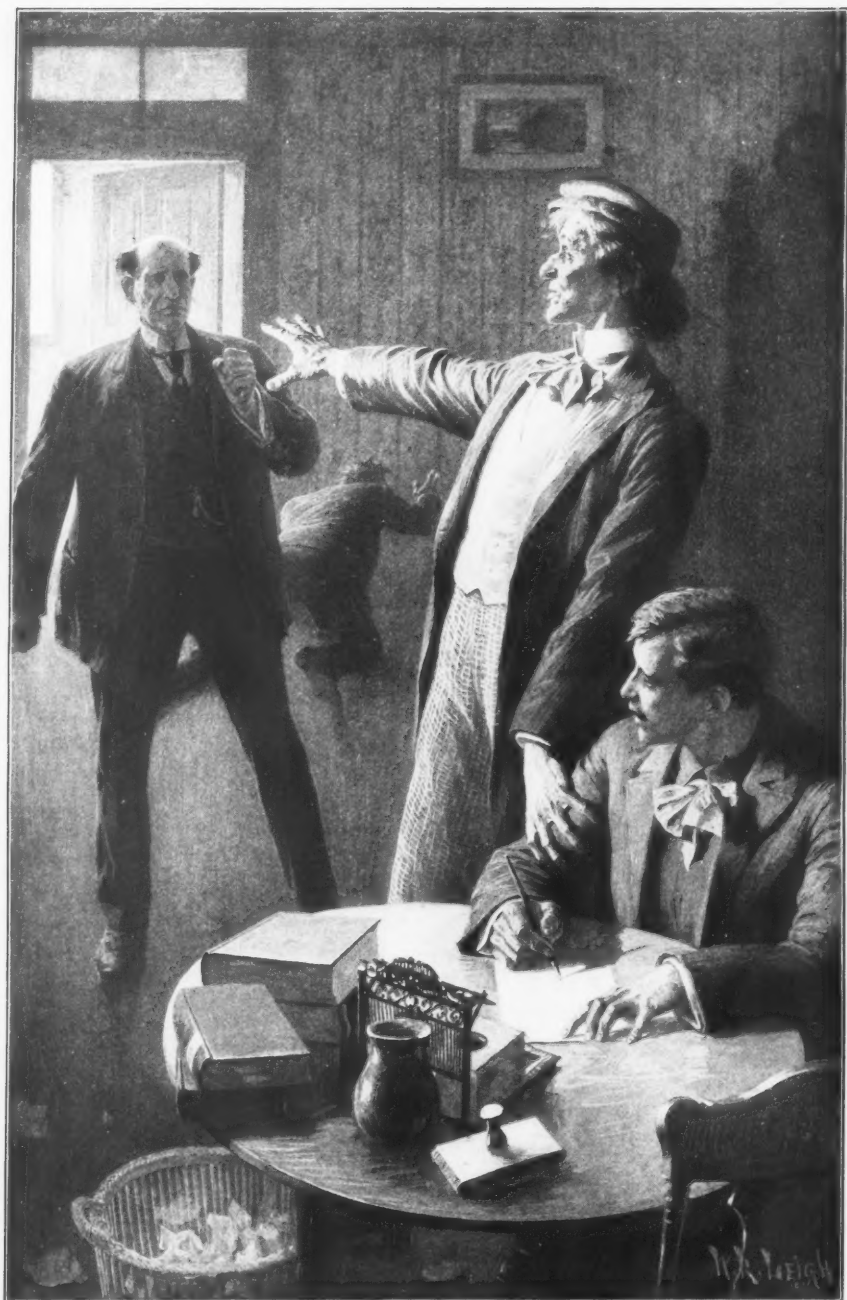


VIOLET DALE, WHO PLAYS THE LEADING RÔLE IN
"THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S"



Photograph by Bassie

JULIA MARLOWE AS YVETTE IN HER LATEST PRODUCTION,
"THE GODDESS OF REASON"



CRAIGHEAD RUSHED UPON HIM, STAYED HIS HAND, AND PUSHED MR. O'GRADY BACK
(*"Virginia of the Air-Lanes"*)

Virginia of the Air-Lanes

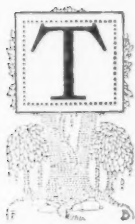
By Herbert Quick

Illustrated by William R. Leigh

SYNOPSIS: Virginia Suarez is the guest of her uncle, Finley Shayne, on his great air-ship, the *Roc*, which is hovering over the coast of Alabama. Others on board are Max Silberberg, the wealthy head of the Federated Metals Concern, and an inventor named Wizner. A trial of Wizner's new helicopter—a type of small flying-machine—is to be made. The attentions of Silberberg, which, encouraged by Mrs. Shayne, he forces upon Virginia, are most unwelcome to the girl. In a spirit of fun she seats herself in the car of the helicopter, and accidentally touching a lever finds herself adrift in space. After a thrilling flight through the air, the helicopter descends close to the edge of the water, the trailing painter is seized by two men, and Virginia tumbles out upon the sand. Her rescuers prove to be Theodore Carson, a young Southerner, who is at work on a new idea in flying-machines, and Captain Harrod, a typical Gulf fisherman. After the girl has recovered from her shock, Carson takes her in a boat to Palmetto Beach, a near-by resort. Returning to the scene of the mishap the following day, Shayne and Silberberg learn of Virginia's rescue from Captain Harrod, who urges Shayne to see Carson. The air-ship heads for Carson's Landing, the young man is invited aboard, and being urged by Shayne he agrees to accompany them north to discuss his invention.

Picking up Mrs. Shayne and Virginia, the *Roc* starts for Chicago. Silberberg becomes jealous of Carson and finally insists, upon the alternative of breaking off an important business deal, that Shayne put the young man off. Therefore Shayne reluctantly tells Carson that his project does not interest him, and offers him money for the rescue of Virginia. Carson indignantly knocks the bank-notes from Shayne's hand, and being further insulted by Silberberg, adjusts a parachute which he has taken aboard with him, and to Virginia's horror drops from the *Roc* into the black abyss beneath.

THE FALL THAT FOLLOWED PRIDE



THEODORE fell earthward so swiftly that the aeronaut seemed to dart incontinently toward heaven. All about him were the tossing folds of the cloud—streaming horse-tails of fog, fleeces of aerial wool, invisible, save for the lights of the *Roc*, which intermittently revealed the vaporous details and partially dispelled the weird illusion that he was falling eternally, like a soul hurled into a purgatory of limitless descent. Like the retinal image of a quenched flame, he saw in the murk the eyes of Shayne's niece and her white face under the quaint pointed hat, blankly amazed at his desperate leap from the air-ship; then suddenly the pull of the parachute admonished him that at last it was doing its work, and restored to him an acute perception of his situation.

He felt none of the effects of the gale, but the wind burst upward as from the mouth of some huge blower, fighting his descent, stripping off his hat and snapping his hair like whiplashes. Black as the heavens above was all below, until, directly beneath him,

there suddenly burst forth a great red light that kindled the clouds to crimson, turning the heavens to a sky of sanguinary vapor spanning a sea of flame. The mysterious light swelled like an outbursting conflagration, filling the falling boy with terror; and then, as swiftly as it had grown, it waned, faded, and the sky was dark again. The fear of the eery and inexplicable chilled him more than did the fierce March wind. The expanded parachute suspended him over fiery mystery and an unknown land, wondering, wishing for day, or for clear darkness even, that he might see on what or into what he was falling.

If he but knew the land he might set the deflectors and work his fall over into safety, if safety the neighborhood afforded. How the wind's voice grew! Whether on church-spire or chimney or tower, in garden or wood or graveyard or into an open grave, it was a wild, dangerous night in which to land.

Suddenly he burst from the floor of the cloud like a meteorite, and saw a long procession of white and violet lights speeding past and away into the distance—the arc-lights of a town set into apparent flight by the speed of his headlong career before the wind. Far off in the glare of a locomotive fire-box, he could see a black fireman

weirdly stoking. Had there been light for it Carson had scant time to survey his land-fall; but he judged instantaneously that on either side would lie the open fields, and to avoid the roofs and chimneys he set the deflectors to nurse off his descent toward farms and soft earth.

The town fled away; the roar of the wind rose about him; he was whipped stingingly by the branches of a tall tree; then a lower one bowed him through its dense top; he laid hold of a slim birch, and as it bent like a fishing-rod under his weight he let go the sheets of his parachute, the wind spilled from the silken leech, and he tumbled heavily into a mattress-like bridal-wreath bush and over an asphalted walk. Eased down by the shrubbery, he rose unhurt, so far as he could feel, to find himself by a rustic seat near a dry fountain. On his left he could make out a long building three or four stories high, the roof of which he had barely missed, looming against the night sky, black, solid, "dark like the fool's heart," and, to his eyes, immitigably sinister.

A high wall running back from each end of this structure seemed to hem the garden in—for a garden he guessed it to be. Back in some crepuscular jungle he heard the throaty bellow of a great dog, and thanked heaven that he had left no trail. He found his parachute almost uninjured, whipped it about with the lashings, and slung it on his back. The dog's felonious bark seemed angrier now and, he fancied, nearer. Feeling for his pistol and finding it lost, he limped—for he now discovered that one knee was hurt—across the garden to the place farthest from the dog.

Following the wall, he found it of a piece with that of the house. For two or three hundred feet back it was blank and high and insurmountable. The dog was still now, and, though his legs prickled with the fear of fangs at each rustle in the shrubbery, the boy reconnoitered the rear wall to a brick barn into which it was built. Everything was depressingly secure and substantial and workmanlike. Like the walls that surrounded the terrestrial paradise, these structures seemed as firm as the native rock of the eternal hills.

In the other corner was the dog, and he shrank from exploration in that direction. So, through beds of dry phlox, irises, and tiger-lilies, he returned to the long house and stole across to the fourth side, where he

found a door through the wall, but tight-shut and impregnable. Back by this last long wall he felt his way, still baffled. A sense of durance and incarceration began to overpower him, in the desperation of which he ventured back, even to the barn again, thus having completely circumnavigated both the garden and the Cerberus guarding it. He felt, as he passed the kennel, much as Ulysses must have done with the blinded and furious Polyphemus feeling about the cave for him; but on he stole, only to make sure that there was no way out. The very sternness of the architecture pointed to this conclusion as a moral and mural certainty. Only one course remained—to knock up the dark house at the rear door and ask to be let out; and from this he shrank. He knew nothing of the place, its people, or its laws. Still, it was America, and well along toward the middle of the twentieth century; and his punishment would be endurable, he hoped, praying fervently that the laws of whatever state it might be would not make burglary of his offense, which was "entering," to be sure, but not by "breaking"—unless one counted the birch-limbs and the bridal-wreath—and which quite lacked malice aforethought. Calling up his scattered courage by the drumming in his ears, he went with some steadiness up to the long veranda and was about to violate its columned shades when a shrill whistle sounding from the top of the porch commanded his attention.

It was one of those sharp, hissing boys' whistles made with the curved forefinger stuck into one corner of the mouth and out at the other—an enviable and fiendish trick. Theodore backed into the open, and saw a man on the roof just in the act of swinging himself down over the eaves.

"Get under here, old sport," said a voice, "and give a liberty-loving son of a gun a leg down!"

Theodore received on his shoulder a rather small shoe, reached up and steadied a somewhat bony leg, and was about to let his burden down, when the liberty-loving one collapsed in all his members and came down by the run, in all ways, and, as it seemed, on all sides of his helper at once.

Carson started forward to raise the demoralized fugitive to his feet; but he was already up, and in the darkness seemed to be bowing and kissing his hand to an imaginary audience, like a tumbler acknowledging applause.

"My celebrated Avernus act," said he. "Special gravitation expert to the crowned heads. But hist! Let me greet thee. An ye be noble, salute my cheek; an ye be slob, receive my contemptuous thanks! Hey, old sport?"

"I hope you aren't hurt," said Carson.

"Nay, that's past hoping," answered the other. "I am busted in all ways: compound, comminuted, and stellated fractures are now desirable, in view of my worsen scath. I am sore shent, and I fear I have tore my panties, too. But I have escaped"—here he spoke piercingly into Carson's ear—"a doom that in another moment would have topped the agonies of deepest hell raised to the *nth* power. But I am selfish! I talk only of myself—and things. Let us fuse our souls, reveal the secrets of our beings. I wot we are kindred spirits. Wottest thou not so? W'at?"

Unable to account for his affinity's uncommon mode of address, and quite as unable to escape, Carson stood mute, alone with a possible lunatic and a very probable dog, in a walled garden into which he had dropped from the night sky, in an Alabaman suit of clothes, in a climate which in all likelihood belonged to Illinois, but reminded one of Greenland. There seemed to be nothing adequate to say.

"If your being remains reticent as to its inner springs of joy and sorrow," remarked the stranger, as if speaking of some foreign and recalcitrant thing the proper treatment of which might present a delicate problem, "let me unlock its refractory atomic nature with the ferment of my celebrated system of cross-examination, elaborated in the case of Gorrell vs. Gorrell. If in generalities thou wilt not wilt, let us reverse the evolutionary process and proceed from the abstract to the concrete, from the general to the particular. In what orchestra do you play traps?"

"I am not a musician," answered Carson.

"Stricken out as not responsive," rejoined the stranger. "I never hinted it; but from your caput cometh a rattle like the muted castanet, and anon like a battery of telegraph sounders. Stay! Is it possible that it emanates from the chattering of your teeth? Caitiff, you are scairt, or in an ague that would reduce a foundry rattler to matchwood! Art cold, fair youth?"

"A little," replied Carson. "I am lightly dressed."

"Then come, come away, tra-la-la, with

me," said the strange denizen of the dark house, "to a realm of balmy air and breezes of Ceylon. To heel! and if thy heavy hoof but scrape the gravel to betray our flight thou diest, and all thy wad is gobbled by the privy coffer of the emporium. To heel!"

With a swift, darting movement the stranger turned and, followed obediently by Carson, crossed the garden to a building which Theodore guessed to be a greenhouse. His guide opened the door, and stood back with elaborate courtesy that Carson might precede him. Entering, Theodore found himself among beds of flowers which filled the house save for a central passageway, all in deep shadow, fragrant and warm.

"I shall not freeze," said he to himself; "and that is some comfort."

The stranger stayed so long at the door that Carson began to feel quite sure of having been beguiled into a prison by his polite companion, and that the next phase would be the constabulary and arraignment. He was guilty of trespass, and the case for attempted burglary might be plausible; but his sentence could not be severe. He was safe from the dog now, and what matter if the trial should delay his return to the South? In the confusion of his mind, obvious exigencies had lost importance to him, numbed as he was by the amputation of a great hope. Shayne had meant to him everything that might make or mar his life; and he had defied and angered him irremediably. That was irreparable; but he had struck Silberberg's thick-lipped mouth—and that was worth much. He had had another meeting with the nameless niece; she had stood by him against her uncle and Silberberg, who was a great figure and a suitor for her favor. These were unavailable assets financially; but they meant so much to the foolish boy that he forgot the man who had enticed him into this flowery jail, forgot everything except the white face of Shayne's niece, pleading against his foolhardiness, as, spurning her deck in youthful indignation, he leaped from the aeronat and shot downward into the cloud. One of her arms was about the aluminum stanchion, its hand on her breast, the other to her hat. She had changed the flowery bonnet for a little bycock of bottle-green velvet, brooded over by a graceful plume, and worn with the point over her eyes, the turned-up brim behind and the sharp crown flattened over like the top of a mountain struck while plastic by a huge

paddle. He could see it all—the great air-ship lessening to a dim blur in the high mists, the face and eyes and the quaint little hat glowing on with faithful steadiness. Constables! A fig—

"It is too dark," said his guide, rejoining him, "to make the exchange of cards more than an empty and invisible formality. Yet I would fain know more about you than the bare data of your instability as a ladder and the bright and snappy technique of your tooth-chattering. Quite material enough, it is true, had one the time to work it out, but, to coin a phrase, what's the use? Beyond your nocturnal habits, what peculiar volitional defect brings you here? To follow the usual conversational forms here, are you a steady or a periodical?"

"I don't understand," answered Carson. "I came here quite by accident. I had no intention of coming. I—"

"Quite so," interposed his interlocutor. "Let's sit down by the American Beauty bed—there! If we might strike a match now, I—I estimate that half of us lush-logged derelicts go ashore here in a state, to coin a word, of ory-eyed wooziness. I may say I came myself by accident and without meaning to do so, or otherwise—I must have a smoke!"

He seemed to be feeling for a cigar-case; tapping his person in various places where it might be secreted. Then came the scratch of the match, and Theodore scrutinized the face in its flare as, with nervous, unsteady movements, the man lighted the weed.

He was a tall, gaunt person, with deep-set eyes flickering from their caverns with a blurred sharpness, like tungsten-lamps seen through a veil. His face was sallow and colorless, with hollows in the cheeks whose announcement of ill health was contradicted by the general appearance of hardness of face and neck like that of seasoned oak. He wore a flat cap with the crown piled forward; and his heavy and long hair, of a neutral brown matching his complexion, fell to his collar in a mass that made any cap seem superfluous. Two or three heavy witchlocks lay like a disordered mane over his forehead, mingling with eyebrows of youthful lightness. His nose was irregularly notched in profile, as if it were the stub of something which had been broken off his face with an angular fracture. He had sensitive lips, and a mouth which was shapely and rather fine, but drooped at the corners pathetically. His chin was deeply hollowed

at the base of the lip, and cut through by a perpendicular crevice which must have been a bother to his barber. Altogether it was a curiously complex face, both in feature and expression, and spoke to Carson of the in-born wildness and wild ability of its owner. But he looked anything but insane.

His dress, however, brought back the impression of abnormal eccentricity. He had on a colored shirt, and from his high collar streamed a huge red silk tie, untied and spreading over his breast like the banners of the social revolution, now greatly overdue. The white evening waistcoat was too low for the shirt, revealing secrets of construction never meant for the scrutiny of any stranger except the laundress. His coat was a long, black frock, the skirts of which, gathered about his legs, fell wide, disclosing inexpressibles of Scotch plaid, much turned up, and evening shoes the shine of which was obscured by successive accretions of dried mud. So much was revealed by the series of matches which he lighted, sitting humped up in an evident attempt to keep the light hidden in the spread of his coat. Carson's head swam in the growing conviction that he had reached a condition in which it was impossible to distinguish between dream and reality, and that this was some disordered nightmare.

"I hope you don't smoke," said the vision, "for two reasons: firstly, when we light a match we run the risk of detection and of consequences at the contemplation of which my purely hypothetical mind constructively reels; secondly, I find myself wearing for my own use and behoof, in my own proper countenance, my last cigar."

Carson protested that he did not care to smoke, and they sat on in unexpected quiet, the cigar glowing and waning like a far-off revolving light.

"I suppose I might explain, sir——"

So began Theodore; but the other's hand waved in dim protest, and his voice interrupted him.

"Explain?" said he. "Nay, nay! Leave explanations for the crass followers of ebriety. Already I begin clairvoyantly to see the depths of your being. I know from the seventeenth-century quirk to the 'ou,' the slighted 'vanish' of the long 'i,' the ceremonious address derived from the practice of private war, that you are a gentleman, suh, from the South, by gad! And your obliviousness of your arrival here furnishes

proof, *prima facie* but not conclusive, that you are that most difficult of cases for Doctor Witherspoon—a periodical. Rousing from what your attendant took for slumber, yearning for liberty, you came into the garden, Maud, leaving your jag-boss—if any—snoring like mine, who fills himself with the east wind, or, to coin a phrase, any old wind, and holds his breath until you feel the fond hope that he is dead, and then lets it burst from his lips in one grand sploof that moves the draperies like the breath of a gale, and drives the wakeful listener mad. Mad, I say! And he, the said listener, flies, rules or no rules, as I have done.”

“My name is Carson,” said Theodore, “and I am from the South, from Alabama. I—”

“Craighead is mine,” rejoined the other. “I am from here and elsewhere. There are twenty places where I might vote were there any question under the sun worth voting on, and fifty places where my residence would be vehemently disclaimed by the authorities. I think I may venture to give you, sir, as my permanent residence—until further notice, only—the *Rat Mort*. Got that down?”

“I—” began Carson.

“The *Rat Mort*,” interposed Craighead. “One deep midnight, in the dear, dead past beyond recall, I was ejected from the *Rat Mort* because my conduct was not up to the theretofore undisclosed standards of the place—from the *Rat Mort*—actually trun out, to coin an expression. Doth it not open glimpses of a depravity hitherto fabulous? And when I have been graduated from this emporium, I shall return, pride in my port—meaning nothing vinous—defiance in mine eye, and I shall sit down in the *Rat Mort* and behave myself for long, long periods of time—for ages—in the mad, mad whirl of silk hats, *Quartier Latin* ties, rounded and eyeleted hose, and shimmering *lingerie*, the only person plunged into beastly sobriety, a rock of propriety, standing four-square, or mayhap three-cornered, to every bacchanalian wind that blows, with its scent of garlic, and Roquefort cheese, and spilt wine, and volatile oil of wormwood, the active and deadly principle of absinthe! That’s what I’ll do!”

After his somewhat complicated pronunciamiento Craighead fell silent, and even forgot to smoke. Languid from the long hours of strain and sleeplessness and physical as well as mental reaction in the warm and fragrant greenhouse, Carson grew somnolent.

At short intervals the sky was illumined by a far-off glare which he identified with the burst of flame which had so startled him in his fall from the *Roc* and the regular recurrence of which proved it to be either the flame from the nostrils of some slow-breathing dragon or the chimney of a gas-house. Craighead sat upright, making occasional elocutionary gestures with his cigar-hand. Once again he spoke of the *Rat Mort*.

“Oh,” said he, “I’ll be the pink of the perfection of desirable citizenship—when I graduate from this emporium!”

Silence again save for the barking of the dog. Craighead’s breathing now indicated his capitulation to sleep—crumpled prone against a Norfolk Island pine. Carson, who had classified him as a lunatic, now found himself uncertain. The man behaved like a boy playing truant, rather than an adult prisoner escaping; yet of what detection was he afraid? Why was he flying from the mysterious “emporium”? What did he mean by his talk of “steadies” and “periodicals,” and by putting Carson down as the latter? All mystery! Only one thing was certain—the superiority of the greenhouse over the open garden with its chill air and its dog. Carson’s head nodded topplingly, and when he became conscious it was day. Whistles were blowing, a train could be heard leaving the yards of the near-by town. The clearness of the morning sounds advised him that the wind had fallen; and, as proof that it had not been all a dream, there lay Craighead against the tree-pot, his face pale, a pathetic droop saddening his mouth, his hair tousled, the flat cap at his feet by the half-smoked cigar. Yes, Craighead stood the test of daylight. Like the flag, he was still there.

Two or three men came past the greenhouse, went round it, and walked away again, making some sort of search. They came back after a time, and entered. One was a tall, athletic, ruddy-complexioned youngish man, who seemed to be the leader of the trio. They gazed at Carson and Craighead as if taking stock dispassionately of dogs or horses.

“Well, Mr. Craighead,” said the tall one, with an accent distinctly British. “I’m no end sorry to find you out of bounds again, sir.”

Instantly wide awake, Craighead assumed an attitude of jocular familiarity. “It agonizes me to have given you a moment’s pain, Dennis,” said he; “but, believe me, I should

have been gnawing the electrolier and howling like a banshee—they howl, don't they?—had I stayed longer in the storm-center of Mr. Waddy's pneumatic slumbering. As between annoying you and becoming daft, one may find difficulty in choosing, Dennis; but self, self, Dennis! I fear we are all selfish!"

From his evident irritation at the mention of his "pneumatic slumbering," Carson guessed that the shorter of Dennis's companions was Mr. Waddy. He was blocky and strong of build, and bearded with gray excrescences that grew forward and upward from all points, as if eyebrows, whiskers, and mustache had been trained through a knot-hole for a long time and then suddenly cropped off and left standing. He was puffing audibly. This labored breathing, coupled with his appearance of having dressed hurriedly, gave him the general effect of one who has leaped suddenly from bed and chased something at high speed. He had on a top-coat over a dishabille of shirt and trousers; on one foot was an arctic overshoe, the other was shod in a Wellington boot. He leaned toward Craighead with a sort of perplexed fierceness.

"Mr. Craighead," said he, as if carefully choosing terms of scathing rebuke, "I've seen all kinds, and you do—beat—the Dutch!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Craighead, bowing. "The Dutch, Mr. Waddy, are a race not easily beaten, and I am modest, as you know. Yet in my specialties, I may be able to—but, pardon me, Dennis! Have you not met my friend Mr. Carson, from Alabama? A new arrival. Oblivious of his trip hither. A periodical, I believe. Mr. Carson, Mr. Dennis O'Grady; Mr. O'Grady, Mr. Carson. Mr. O'Grady is the official dispenser of dope—"

"Tonic, Mr. Craighead, if I may correct you, sir," said Mr. O'Grady, his accent as correctly British as his name was Hibernian.

"Of course, Dennis," protested Craighead, "I meant tonic. Please do me the justice to believe, Mr. O'Grady, that I meant tonic. And is this Mr. Carson's jag-boss? I hope his slumbers are less sonorous than Mr. Waddy's, Mr. Carson. I—"

"Attendant," suggested Mr. O'Grady softly. "Mr. Evans is the attendant of Mr. Wylie. No doubt an error on Mr. Craighead's part, Mr. Wylie; but we understand perfectly that you are the Mr. Wylie who

was very ill last night, sir, and who departed before we could give him the examination and the formal admission. Mr. Evans will attend upon you, Mr. Wylie; and we hope, sir, to have you feeling much better in a few days, sir."

"You are greatly mistaken," exclaimed Theodore. "I don't belong here at all."

"Quite right, sir," responded Mr. O'Grady heartily. "Quite right. I am glad that you are already able to see, sir, that you belong with Mr. Evans in Room 34, sir, where he will now conduct you. Mr. Craighead, I fear, sir, that this failure to remain within bounds will force Doctor Witherspoon to—"

"But I am not Mr. Wylie," interposed Carson fervently. "I don't know what people are sentenced to this place for, but I am not guilty. I have done nothing. I am from Alabama; my name is Theodore Carson; I am an engineer—an inventor. I—"

"Pardon me," softly suggested Mr. O'Grady, "but I find you here, Mr. Wylie where none but inmates can come."

"I dropped in—" began Carson.

"For a social call," supplied Craighead "Entirely plausible, Mr. O'Grady, and shows how essentially man is a social being."

O'Grady's face softened in no line or curve. He was one of those efficient persons to whom business is no joke, neither the proper subject of one.

"I dropped into this garden from an aerostat," reiterated Theodore, "and I couldn't find my way out."

"Pardon me, Mr. Wylie," protested O'Grady, "if I observe that that is not a very convincing narrative. It quite disproves your claim to being an inventor, you know. Your condition, sir, is not that of a person who has fallen from the clouds, you know."

"But I have!" insisted Carson. "Literally, I fell from the clouds. I came down in a parachute."

"In the night, sir?" asked O'Grady. "And with no knowledge of what you were falling into or onto, sir?"

"Exactly so," asserted Carson; "and I really must go by the next—"

"And swallowed your parachute?" interrupted O'Grady, still unsmiling.

"No!" cried Carson, producing it from under the bench. "Here it is. I broke this coming through the tree-tops. See?"

"I have no knowledge of machinery," said O'Grady, "but the existence here of so com-

mon a contrivance does not at all prove the absence of Mr. Wylie; and Mr. Wylie is accounted for by no personality except your own, sir. The Slattery Institute loses no patients. You are Mr. Wylie or Mr. Wylie is lost. Hence, sir, you are Mr. Wylie. You will not be detained against your will, sir, longer than is necessary for so far getting it out of your system as to enable you to make a rational choice. Please accompany Mr. Evans and prepare for morning treatment. Mr. Evans has your tonic. More assistants will be provided if you fail to see the propriety of compliance, sir. Good morning, sir. Mr. Craighead, please go with Mr. Waddy. I shall have a conference with Doctor Witherspoon as to your case, sir."

Mr. O'Grady's calm commands carried with them deep and high suggestions of irresistible force. He was a born autocrat. Wondering how it would all end, Theodore went with his attendant, walking in a daze.

THE MYSTERY OF THE "EMPORIUM"

Room 34, to which the putative Mr. Wylie was taken, was like the ordinary room of a good inn, save that it had two beds. Mr. Evans ushered young Mr. Carson into it as if conferring a great favor in thus naming him Wylie and arresting him instantaneously under the new cognomen. He was a brawny man with a little quavering voice like that of a schoolboy just bursting into tears. Theodore took his measure, and promptly decided that Evans could break him in two in a clinch, but might be outrun.

"Now, Mr. Wylie," wailed Mr. Evans, "we'll get along nice, I know, f'r you're a gentleman, an' you won't do me no dirt. I'm an awful poor man, an' this is my livin'. Don't ruin me an' put a stinger on the institute by taking any hikes, Mr. Wylie. You wouldn't, would you, now?"

"I am not Mr. Wylie," reiterated Carson. "I am Theodore Carson, as I said; and I——"

"This matter of names is so complicated!" quavered Mr. Evans. "No man drawin' my pay c'n be expected to work it out. I git awful small wages, Mr. Wylie. My duties is simple. You get your tonic an' treatments reg'lar, an' keep hours. A whole lot of gentlemen comes here under special names—I would! Le's drop this name discussion, Mr. Wylie, an' agree that we'll be reg'lar as per rules an' you won't deprive my family of a

livin' an' turn me out to starve, by doin' me dirt!"

Mr. Craighead rapped and entered. Mr. Waddy was invisible. Evidently the surveillance of the attendants was not of the strictest.

"I quite agree with the remarks of my querulous friend, Mr. Evans—who should have made public mendicancy his profession," said Mr. Craighead. "Your position, Mr. Carson, is an equivocal one. Your presence or absence, Mr. Wylie, seems to me to be a question purely academic in character, and not within the purview of practical statesmanship. You are an inventor. That is conceded. The question is, What's your field?"

"It is aeronautics," replied Theodore. "I have devised the first effective aeronef. I——"

"Very interesting!" returned Craighead. "I have made that a specialty. I know the defects of the present-day aeronefs; and I understand the failure of the gas-supported aerostat except as toys for us parasitic capitalists. But to the point in controversy. Are you the Fulton of the empyrean, or the Edison of the hot air? Mr. Evans's porcine tonality has expressed the only conclusion open to him—to accept the Wylie theory as a working hypothesis, and to work it at the regular per diem. Dost foller me?"

"I suppose that this Wylie must turn up, sooner or later," mused Theodore. "But why should I take treatments? What are you—I mean, what are people cured of here, anyhow?"

"A very difficult question," replied Craighead. "My first difference with Doctor Witherspoon, now unhappily culminating in a diplomatic *impasse*, grew out of my desire to discuss with him that very question. He said with crude brutality for me to move on, and let the other jags come within the radioactivity of his million H. P. thought-wavery. The first question is, Are we cured of anything? That being disposed of—a matter not so easy as might be thought—the question rises to a higher plane and bores its snoot right down into the roots of things. We hit hard-pan in the unsearchableness of ultimate phenomena. Teleologically——"

"What do they do to you?" persisted Theodore.

"They give you dope; they feed you for a few days on bran mash; they shoot you twice a day; they give you a little bottle to assuage what they call your thirst the first night or so,

though why they call it a thirst which is only a cerebrospinal tendency entirely unconnected with irrigation, deponent sayeth not. The dope is the summation of all villainies—and that's no ribald barroom jest, eyther or either; but I am assured that it heals the sick and makes the well a harder physical proposition from moment to moment. The shooting will do no harm. They might use dish-water, and it would do just as much good. Mark, I don't say it *is* dish-water—Witherspoon guards his sacred secret well—but it won't do you any more harm than would that by-product of the scullery. Altogether you'll find it wiler to be Wylie. Let's to breakfast!"

Breakfast! Here was something to be "understanded of the people." Carson was famishing, so he swallowed the yellowish "summation of all villainies" presented tearfully by Mr. Evans, took the arm which Craighead ceremoniously offered, and walked down a broad stairway ornamented with potted palms and through a spacious lobby in which a clerk behind a desk, a platoon of bell-boys, and groups of ordinary citizens, clothed and apparently in their right minds, imparted an impression almost amounting to a guaranty that the place was only a hotel. They entered a café, where Mr. Craighead, with a familiarity born of use, moved to a table already half occupied.

"I bring with me, gentlemen," said he airily, to two men who had preceded them, "a fellow lover of the *hortus nocturnus*. Greet him with the grand hailing sign."

"I didn't know," said one, "that they treated them cases here."

"They do, Mr. Bascom," returned Craighead; "but, thank whatever gods there be, they can't cure them. What they lack here is a sense of humor, Mr. Bascom. Let me introduce my friend Mr. Carson-Wylie, of Piccadilly."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Carson-Wylie," said Mr. Bascom, stirring his soft-boiled eggs; "and I hope they do you as much good here as they have me."

"Thanks," replied Carson. "But the fact is——"

"But me no buts," broke in Craighead. "I think I may venture, among friends, to say that Mr. Bascom is our most popular freak. He has read the seventy-fourth Rubaiyat, which saith, 'Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why; drink! for you know not why you go, nor where,' and made a whole-

hearted endeavor to follow its teachings. He succeeded in the realization of the tent-maker's inability to state whence he came nor why, why he went nor where, or, in fact, whether he was going or coming. But in the matter of financing further obedience to Mr. Omar's bibulous teachings, he was, to coin a phrase, up against it. Hence he marketed the plugs in his teeth. Mr. Bascom is passionately fond of Khayyam."

"Never under no such fancy name," replied Bascom gravely; "but I've been fond of most everything that would make the drunk come."

"That includes Khayyam," responded Craighead.

"It was this way," went on Bascom. "If you're a periodical, Mr. Carson-Wylie——"

"I assure you," asserted Craighead, "that in London, where Mr. Carson-Wylie is forced to live in order to keep his hyphen healthy, he is rated in the best asylums as a periodical."

"Then you will understand," resumed Bascom, "that, after being drunk in Peoria for six weeks, I was in a kind of bad shape. Clothes gone; took both hands to get a glass to my mouth; kicked out of places; had some fits—ever have a whiskey fit?"

"Never!" cried Carson.

"The tortures of hell," said Bascom, "are vaudeville skits to 'em. I had sold my sample-cases—I was traveling out of Bloomington for Fuller and Fuller——"

"How appropriate!" ejaculated Craighead.

"—and," went on Bascom, "hocked everything loose. Now when those whiskey fits come on, you have to have booze. I had made friends with a highwayman, and he loaned me a little dirk, and stood by to keep me from cutting my throat while I dug the gold out of my teeth, sold it, and accounted for every cent. He was a good feller for a highwayman."

"That shows," interposed the fourth man, "how we jags are foreve' hangin' by a tow-string ove' the aidge of hell, an' makin' bets whether it'll burn off or not. I tell you, I shivah——"

"I join in the shiver," said Craighead. "I often—I beg your pardon! Colonel McGilvray, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Carson-Wylie, of Belgrave Square, London. Colonel McGilvray is the scourge of his home county, Mr. Carson-Wylie, and is here being denaturized."

"I'm right pleased to know you," said the colonel. "And I want to encourage you to stick when you get out, Mr. Ca'son-Wylie. I am not—if Mr. Craighead will allow me—the scourge of my county, but my kin thah feared I was gittin' so I could shoot single-mindedly while secin' double, an' they-all presented a petition, suh, askin' me to come hyah; an' I'm hyah as a public duty."

Colonel McGilvray was not the last to urge upon Carson the advisability of "sticking" when he got out. The inmates gathered about him after breakfast and labored with him as "workers" in old-fashioned "protracted meetings" wrestled for the salvation of sinners. There was really something fine in this.

He assured them of his good intentions. He was rendered humble and almost bashful by the hopelessness of trying to extricate himself from his equivocal position owing to his unthinkable manner of getting into the institute and the maze of fanciful misrepresentations of Mr. Craighead. So he listened and thanked them. A man with locomotor ataxia said that he was ten years younger since coming—and went away carefully calculating at every step just where he would put his feet next, and invariably setting them unexpectedly elsewhere. A distinguished-appearing personage was pointed out as a railway president taking the cure at the request of his company. Another had wasted six fortunes in succession. That fine-looking gentleman had been here before and relapsed through the accidental taking of Jamaica ginger while ill. And a jewelry salesman pointed out Craighead as a mighty bright fellow who was crazy and wouldn't observe the rules, and would be "fired" by Doctor Witherspoon. Carson felt that he would never, never stand in need of further admonition to temperance than the memory of this Sargasso Sea of the derelicts of drink.

"There's a new fellow here," said the jewelry man. "I haven't seen him; but he came in paralyzed last night, and was found boozing with Craighead in the greenhouse this morning. Seen him?"

Craighead and Carson walked through a stately peristyle to a low building called the laboratory, but termed by the patients the "shot-tower." Theodore was astonished at the throng assembled for the "shot" treatment—of which he had as yet no conception. Men of all sorts anxiously watched the clock, like schoolboys fearful of being tardy. They

formed in two columns, resting on two aisles, across the farther ends of which stood two desks exactly alike. All slung their coats over their right arms, disclosing slits in their shirts at the left shoulder.

Craighead and Bascom preceded Carson—Bascom looking in a mirror at new fillings in his teeth, Craighead sending ripples of disorder along the line by offering bets as to whether Carson was himself or Wylie. Two young men, easily classified as new-laid physicians, stationed themselves like sentinels at the desks. The clock struck. There was a jostling at the rear caused by late-comers, at which the serious young doctors frowned fiercely. The lines moved forward, and the men as they passed the physicians seemed to undergo some sort of operation. Once past this ordeal the patients threw on their coats and passed on to an imposing, smooth-shaven man to the left, who gave to each a handshake and a momentary audience.

Theodore found himself in the human current, and drifted with it. On closer view, he saw that the doctors pricked the patients with little, glittering weapons; but he reasoned that it could be nothing very severe. More than any of the others, however, Craighead seemed to shrink from it.

"Any locomotor ataxia germs on that stabber?" he queried, "or cancer, or any of the extras of the curriculum?"

The doctor frowned as he reached for a syringe.

"What did I tell you!" said Craighead, as the physician received his inquiry with professional gloom. "No more humor than a hearse-drivers' union. Ouch!"

With this sincere protest against the stab of the needle, Craighead passed on, and Carson took his place. The doctor looked searchingly into his face, seemed puzzled, and turned to the tray for another syringe.

"You should have rolled up your sleeve or cut it," said he sternly. "Roll it up!"

Theodore rolled up his sleeve; whereupon, with a startling expertness, the man of medicine pinched up a bit of the brown flesh, shoved in the needle, pressed down the piston, and Theodore was "shot." With a stinging in his arm, and wondering as to the why of it all—though he knew by this time that he had dropped out of the night sky into full membership in a drink-cure establishment—he passed on.

The imposing, smooth-shaven man was the great Doctor Witherspoon. He met each

patient with a standardized smile, clasped each hand with a grip of absolute uniformity, and said: "Good morning, Mr. Bascom"—or whatever the name might be. "And *how* is the appetite this morning? And the tongue, please! Pulse regular, I observe. *Have* you had your constitutional this morning? Improving nicely, Mr. Bascom. Good morning!"

But he met Craighead with a frown instead of a smile. "Please stand aside, Mr. Craighead," said he; "I wish to talk with you."

"The bowstring, the simitar, or the grandviziership with the title of Emeritus Superintendent of Dope, O Illustrissimo?" inquired Craighead. "Or wasn't my jogfry done right?"

Doctor Witherspoon was holding out his hand to Theodore, smiling the standardized smile, somewhat hardened at the Craighead irreverence. "Good morning, Mr.—Mr——"

"Allow me," said Craighead suavely. "Let me present Mr. Carson-Wylie, of 'Yphen Court, 'Yde Park Terrace, Lon'on. The bets are even as to whether Mr. Carson-Wylie came in a day-coach and in a trance last evening, or dropped from an air-ship in the night and was treed by old Tige, whose honest bark terrifies all who do not know that his is a case of *vox, et praterea nihil*. Mr. Carson, Doctor Witherspoon. Tell the doctor the secrets of your alimentary canal, Mr. Wylie. Know each other!"

Doctor Witherspoon stood in horror and indignation contemplating this lost creature, so far below the ordinary "d. t." victim as to stand and so brave him, here in his hold, his vassals near—in the very laboratory. The patients stared in amazement. The great doctor could scarcely credit his own impressions, he was so outraged and upset. Yet never for a moment did the iron discipline relax. The doctor looked at Mr. O'Grady, who, like a silent and substantial ghost, floated forward and wafted Craighead to an inner door which closed behind him as might the portals of the Inquisition have shut in some doomed heretic.

"Good morning, Mr. Wylie," said the doctor. "And *is* the appetite better? Put out your pulse, please! Tongue *very* regular, considering last night, Mr. Wylie. Don't omit your exercise; and no more nights in the greenhouse, Mr. Wylie. Good morning!"

If anyone noticed the transposition of tongue and pulse in the ritual, nobody allowed himself the luxury of a smile; and the routine of the great drink-cure went on.

Carson departed now fully resolved to escape. He went with Mr. Evans for a long walk through the country town. Mr. Evans's pleadings had made him reluctant to run away—he saw the Evans family dying one by one of inanition if he did; but he must get away. He might appeal to Doctor Witherspoon; but he felt that the unconvincing story of his arrival must be received with incredulity by that great man's thoroughly practical mind. The departure of Carson would throw the books out of balance. A credit item of one man was demanded. Theodore supplied the man. The accounting department would refuse to adopt the incredible notion that he was Carson, who had dropped from the clouds, thus forcing the corollary that Wylie had vanished into thin air.

He allowed these things so to depress his spirits that he was glad of the arrival that evening of Mr. Craighead, from whose excited manner he surmised that something unusual had happened.

"You," said Craighead, "are a Latinist, Mr. Wylie?"

"Not a very profound one," replied Carson. "We engineers are stronger in the modern languages, you know."

"A mistake," replied Craighead. "I've made a specialty of the educational value of the dead ones. Sort of sympathy with 'em, you know. Maybe you can give me the passive form of the Latin verb *possum*, however? *Possum*, meaning can."

"*Possum*?" repeated Carson. "Why, it hasn't any passive."

"It hasn't?" groaned Craighead. "Stung again! But I must have the passive of *possum* for the motto of my armorial crest. *Possum*, can; passive, to be canned—my highest achievement. Fair youth, look upon me!"

Obedying, Carson noted that he still wore the evening waistcoat, the colored shirt, the frock coat, and the checked trousers. He had thrown himself into a despairing attitude with his fingers clutched in his hair.

"In me," he went on, "you see the world's most symmetrical character. To but one vocation have I e'er been true—tinware. To that am I ever attached. Fired from the kindergarten, for what? For becoming bored by basketry and piling straws, and heading a revolt. I never finished aught save matters never undertaken. I was six months shy—to coin a word—of graduation at the village high school. At the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute was I expunged from my *ma-*

ligna mater. The diplomas to which I am almost entitled would paper this room. I thought expulsion from the *Rat Mort* the limit, but now I am canned hence because I am corrupting the morals of the inebriates! Is it not the height, the crown, the apex, of infamy—the ultra-rays of the spectrum of disgrace? I sympathize with Mr. Tomlinson of Berkely Square. I see in his post-mortem career a prophecy of mine own. But, old sport, what a wonderfully and unsurpassably complete structure it makes of my character!”

“It is too bad——” began Theodore.

“Too bad?” interrupted Craighead. “Ow, don’t put it that strong, owld chap! But it is pronouncedly unpleasant, down’t ye kneow.” And then with tragic intensity he concluded: “In the world’s fields of highest endeavor many are called, but few are chosen. My unique claim to distinction, sir, is in this, that whatsoever ta-ran-ta-ra the bugles blow I, Craighead, remain the Great Uncalled. Me for the blind baggage and the tomato-can hat—Happy Hooligan Craighead, minus the happiness. Begone, dull fun! Tears, happy tears! And eke, O ye tears! Great jumping genuflectionists, what a world!”

“But,” ventured Theodore, in a sincere desire to comfort his friend, “you’ve had the treatment, you know.”

“True, Eliphaz-Zophar—nay, I will dub thee Elihu, for you have not been cured of your right to call yourself Buzite or Gittite still—true, I have had the treatment; its dish-water is in my veins, its dope in my assimilative system. The Witherspoony truths, so well adapted to the second-reader grade, must remain in whatever vermiform appendix the volume of my brain provides for the retention of platitudinous ponderosity. I shall lose my sense of humor. I shall become *bourgeois*, unbohemianized, philistine, crass. I must go forth and rob folks like any other good citizen. Would that the chance might present itself ere I depart for home. By George! That reminds me—I have no home!”

This was delivered in exactly the tone in which one might announce the leaving behind of a handkerchief or cigar-case. Quite at a loss what to say, Carson said nothing, Craighead meanwhile smiling as if at a new and amusing thought. Into this silence entered Mr. O’Grady, Mr. Evans, and a slender person of about Carson’s size, who at once began the stalking of imaginary game on the wall-paper, slapping his thigh and laughing at every failure.

“This,” said Mr. O’Grady, introducing the indoor huntsman, “is Mr. Wylie, Mr. Carson.”

“My worst fears confirmed!” hissed Craighead. “The one man I ever loved turns out to be—oh, ye gods!—both a teller of truth and a victim of regular habits. The last straw, and no julep!”

Carson looked at Wylie, awaiting Mr. O’Grady’s development of his case.

“We are, of course,” said O’Grady, “sorry to have interfered with your plans, Mr. Carson, but——”

Mr. O’Grady’s discourse, in which Carson could feel himself being placed irrevocably in the wrong, was interrupted by Mr. Wylie’s making a swoop upon an imaginary animal on Mr. O’Grady’s nose.

“I most caught him!” he cried. “A bumblebee! A bumblebee! Sunday, gnats; mosquitos Monday; Tuesday, flies; bees Wednesday; hornets yesterday; and bumblebees to-day. Big game soon! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Whoop!”

Craighead attentively scrutinized Mr. Wylie, who was lurching about the room with a wild simulation of mirth. “Long-lost brother, evidently,” remarked the Great Uncalled. “I note the Craighead strawberry-mark. Well, when he gets to elephants I may claim relationship.”

“Of course,” went on Mr. O’Grady, paying no attention to the incident, except to use and examine for blood-stains a neatly folded handkerchief, “your being found in the greenhouse has been partially explained, and we are not disposed to make you trouble. The usual payment for treatments will not be insisted upon, though always collected in advance, and those you have had will be a total loss. In fact, with our customary liberality, we shall leave to you both that and your board and lodging since you so strangely came into our—into our midst.”

“Hear! Hear!” ejaculated Craighead. “Hooroar for the emporium! Hip! and again Hip! Witherspoon forever!”

“And if you will kindly sign these mutual receipts in full for all claims on both sides, we will give Mr. Wylie his room, and—here’s the pen, Mr. Carson, sir.”

Theodore had already made the first stroke of the “T” when Craighead rushed upon him, stayed his hand, and pushed Mr. O’Grady back.

“Caitiff, avaut!” he roared. “Wilt deprive the widows and orphans this youth may

accumulate of their cause of action against this dope-shotten emporium? Back, slave! You reach him only over my dead body. Receipts in full? Not on your life—to coin an expression. You have shot his patrician blood full of dish-water and bug-juice; you have filled his innocent and unworldly stomach with dope; you have committed on him false imprisonment, assault and battery, and malpractice, if there be any *mal* to your practice. His spine is even as wet string for limberness. He is disintegrated so that he falls below the standard of the human wreck—he is mere debris and junk. His reputation—the immortal part of himself—is gone, and what remains is bestial. He has had jaghood forced upon him, instead of being allowed to achieve it at the expense of his patrimony, as you, O Dennis, and I have done. You have amputated his appetite for

light wines, and may as well pass him the Darker Drink first as last. He has suffered, and must ever suffer, most excruciating pain and agony, and both mental and physical anguish. He's a gone gosling! And I, the greatest personal-injury specialist in the legal world, as his attorney, demand ten thousand plunks as damages, failing the receipt of which well and truly to be paid in lawful money of the realm, we'll take the emporium in execution, make Witherspoon a stable-boy with you as assistant swipe, both of you to sleep with Tige. We don't sign nothin'. See?"

He turned to Carson, drew himself up, and with tragedy in every lineament—an astonishing feat in facial expression—spoke with a deep-toned exaggeration of Carson's Southern accent,

"Othello's occupation's done come back!"

The next instalment of "*Virginia of the Air-Lanes*" will appear in the July issue.



The Singer

By Francesca di Maria Palmer

I've sung all over the wide, wide world,
From frozen heights whence the avalanche hurled,
To bloom-starred meadows where rivers purled;

From the languorous east to the turbulent west,
I've traveled and sung in a ceaseless quest
For a place where a singer's soul might rest;

To peasant and prince, to slave and king,
I've sung all the songs that women sing,
And smiled at the plaudits that each would bring;

But whether the song were long or brief,
There never was one that brought relief
To my world-weary soul with its nameless grief,

Till I wandered back to the old home nest,
And there learned the song that has brought me rest—
The lullaby crooned to the child at my breast.

LITTLE TALES



The Troubles of Women

By Elizabeth M. Gilmer

NAW'M, dere ain't no luck in bein' born a woman, noway. You is marked for trouble from de very minute dat de doctor says to yo' maw, "Hit's a fine gal, ma'am," an' you is des as sho to git all dat's comin' to you as de sparks is to fly upwards.

Dere ain't nothin', from goin' up-stairs totin' a baby in one hand an' a lamp in de odder an' tryin' to hold up yo' frock wid yo' teeth, down to tryin' to vote an' gittin' flung out of de pollin'-place becaze you belongs to de angel sect, dat hit ain't harder to do becaze you is a woman.

Now s'posin' a man wants to git married, all he got to do's to up an' pick out de lakliest-lookin' gal in de neighborhood, an' hit don't make no difference how little an' runty an' bandy-legged he is, he can git her, an' ev'rybody says, "What a lucky gal Samantha is dat she done catch a husband at las'!" But when we women wants to git married all dat we can do is to set aroun' on de anxious seat, an' look willin', an' do de best we can to tole in some man unbeknownst to hisself an' wid-out rousin' de suspicions of de neighbors. Lawd, it makes me tired to dis day to think of de work an' de trouble I took to catch Ike—dat's my ole man—an' if I'd knowed de ins an' de outs of matrimony den lak I does now, an' how many stove-lifters an' rollin'-pins I'd 've had to a-busted makin' married life one grand sweet song, as de Good Book says—for I'se all for peace if I have to fight for it—why, I s'pects dat I would 'a' been a ole maid.

But a woman don't dodge trouble by bein' a ole maid, becaze if she stays single an' starts out to make a livin' lak a man does, lo an' behold, all de men raises de cry dat she's

done got out of her sacred sp'ere. Now de odder night I was at de prayer-meetin', an' Br'er Jenkins suttinly had promulgated a most eddifyin' discourse, an' had des hung de sinners over de pit by de hair of dere heads. Hit shorely was a refreshin' meetin', an' when things kinder het up I felt a call to exhort de sinners, but no sooner is I riz up in my seat dan Br'er Jenkins called out:

"Sis' Mirandy, set down. De women must keep silence in de chu'ch. Dey's de weaker vessel."

"Don't you come no weaker vessel on me," I 'spon's, for my dander was up. "Whar would de chu'ches be if dere wasn't no women in dem? Who would pay de preacher? Where did you git dat fine coat on yo' back, Br'er Jenkins? Don't seem lak I hear nobody complainin' 'bout women talkin' in de chu'ch when dey talks 'bout passin' aroun' de hat. I been listenin' mighty close, wid my ear to de groun', but when de money dat de Daughters of Zion raised talks nobody ain't sayin' 'Heish' to hit. Least of all de preachers."

"Set down, woman," said Br'er Jenkins. "A woman what speechifies in public is out of her sacred sp'ere," an' bein' as I had said my say, I set down.

Yas, Lawd, hit shorely is funny 'bout women's sacred sp'ere. As near as I can figger hit out, you is in hit as long as you raises de money, but when you wants to have a hand in de spendin' you des busts right out of hit den an' dar. I mind one day when I was comin' home from de ladies what I washes for wid a bundle of clothes 'bout de size of a trunk, dat I meets up wid Ike, an' we stops an' passes de time of day.

"Fo' de Lawd, Mirandy," said he, "but you is a fine, stroppin' woman to tote a load lak dat."

Wid dat he perambulated on his way wid-

The Troubles of Women

out stoppin' to lend me a hand in gittin' de clothes home. Bimeby he come along again when I was fetchin' de water to wash wid, but he didn't say nothin' 'bout packin' in a few buckets to help me, but dat evenin' after I done took de clothes home an' got de money for de wash, I meets him again, an' he says:

"Mirandy, you look kinder tired an' tucked out. You better let me tote yo' pocket-book for you."

But I 'spon's dat if I'se got de strength to do de work, I sho can brace up enough to pack de money hit brings in, an' den Ike looks mighty sorrowful an' says as how he's afeared I'se a-gittin' out of my sp'ere, an' dat he s'pects de next thing I will want is to vote. An' I answers dat I does, an' dat if dere is anything in votin' for men dat women needs it worst dan dey does, an' den he fetches a groan an' says dat de country shorely will go to de dogs whenever women gits out of dere sacred sp'ere.

Den I up an' asks him what is women's sacred sp'ere, an' he don't know no more dan a rabbit. But I does. I done took notice dat women's sacred sp'ere is doin' de jobs dat ain't got no pay to 'em, an' dat no man ain't hankerin' after. 'S long's a woman stays at home an' patches her husband's britches, an' nusses de babies, an' does de cookin' an' de scrubbin', an' takes in a little washin' on de side to help out wid de rent money an' keep de pot boilin', ev'ry man thinks she is des where she ought to be, 'caze he ain't a-honin' after dem jobs. But when she gits where she gits real money, an' some-

thin' easy to do, den a howl goes up dat she's done jumped over de bars, an' got out of her sacred sp'ere, an' dat's along of de trouble of bein' a woman.

Co'se most of de trouble dat married women has is becaze after you gits married you has got to keep yo' weather-eye peeled to keep yo' husband from segasuatin' off wid odder women, but I settled dat question right off of de bat. When me an Ike got spliced he suttinly was a pussonable man, wid a figger dat was as slim an' straight as a

telefoam-post, an' I ain't a-blamin' de gals for cuttin' dere eyes at him.

Now, how you rec'on I stopped all of dat foolishness? You rec'on I des set down to weep an' lament 'bout him runnin' aroun' nights? Naw'm. I des knocked dat fine figger of his into de middle of next week, an' turned hit into what looked lak a beer-barrel on skids. Yessum, I shorely did take temptation out of dat nigger's way. I stuffed him so full he couldn't move. After a man has been up ag'inst a chicken-dinner wid fixin's, he

ain't got no call to hunt up fun dat is outside de home limits. All he wants to do is to shuffle over to a chair in de chimney-corner an' smoke his pipe. Naw'm, dere ain't no way of keepin' a man at home of a evenin' lak fillin' him so full dat he can't move. Besides, dere ain't nothin' dat stops flirtatiousness lak fat. You don't see no woman lookin' back over her shoulder at a gentleman wid a bay window.

Den I never been sparin' of usin' soft soap wid Ike. A man's got to have hit, an' if his



Drawings by E. W. Kemble

"MIRANDY, YOU BETTER LET ME TOTE YO' POCKET-BOOK FOR YOU"

wife don't hand hit to him wid a shovel, some odder woman will wid a spoon. Dat's de way I looks at hit, an' 's long's I wants Ike to bring me home his pay-envelope of a Saturday night I'se got to run de axil-grease factory. When May Jane Jones tells Ike dat he shore has got a proud walk, I 'spon's dat he suttinly does perambulate lak a prince. When Elviry Smith fetches him a compliment 'bout bein' lak a dude, I prognosticates dat hit's de figger of de man, an' dat he could make any kind of hand-me-downs look lak dey just walked out of de tailor shop.

Co'se some folks holds dat hit's de women's place to keep dere husbands fascinated by bein' beautiful, dough ugly, an' dat de way to do dat is to keep demselves lookin' lak a livin' skeleton, an' I rec'on dat at de present time dere ain't no odder trouble dat women has got dat is equal to de affliction of gittin' rid of dere fat. As for me, I don't hold wid none of dat foolishness, 'caze I done took notice dat in de first place men ain't sot on scrawny women. Dey's des nat'rally drawed to a woman what looks lak she knows how to put a heavy hand on de seasonin' in cookin', an' dat is too hefty to move aroun' spy enough to keep up wid 'em. If you will notice, you will see dat most of de ole maids belongs to de raizer-back class. Dere ain't nothin' 'bout one of dese here po', stringy, starved-lookin' women dat makes a man think 'bout de comforts of home. As for me, I ain't botherin' myself 'bout gittin' fat, an' I ain't a-pinchin' on what I eats, 'caze if I'se got to choose betwixt pork-chops an' Ike, I'se gwine to take de pork-chops. Dere's more substance to 'em dan dere is to de love dat can't stand anodder inch in yo' waist-measure.

An' den dere's de trouble dat women has 'bout gittin' advised. Dere ain't nothin' in dis world dat a woman can do, or leaye undone, dat dere ain't somebody handin' out advice 'bout hit to her. Most of de sermons in de chu'ches is addressed to de sisterin instid of de bretherin, dough God knows de bretherin needs 'em worst, an' whenever President Roosterfelt has got a spare minute he ups an' tells women 'bout what a awful crime dey is committin' by dis yere race susancide. Dat shorely does rile me, for if dere is one place a man should sing small, an' talk low, hit's in de neighborhood of de cradle. I'se a reasonable woman, an' I'se willin' to listen to dem what's been through de mill, an' take dere advice, an' if you'll fetch along a man what has had a baby—or maybe



MAY JANE JONES

twins—I'll set at his feet an' listen to de words of wisdom dat draps from his lips, des as humble as de next one.

But when men what ain't never had no pussional experience in de baby line, an' dat ain't never had to git up of a cold night an' walk de colic, an' dat thinks dat you washes a baby lak you does a setter pup, comes along an' tells women 'bout how dey ought to populate de earth, an' increase de number of dem what finds hit hard enough to make a livin' as hit is, hit shorely do make me tired. Becaze it does look to me dat if dere is one subject dat women has a right to an opinion on, hit is de baby question. Let dem dat has 'em number 'em.

An' look at de difference de way hit is when a man's sick an' a woman's sick. When Ike comes home an' finds me goin' aroun' de house wid my jaw tied up for de neuralgy, or my arm in a sling for de rheumatics, he takes a mighty calm view of hit, an' tells me to buck up an' bear hit, an' dat de best way to git rid of sickness is to work hit off. But, my land, when he's sick de tale am different. I never knows how much sufferin' dere is in dis world, nor how big a fuss anybody can make 'bout hit, until Ike gits under de weather, so de odder day when he come home lookin' kind of peaked an' trimbly, an' wid de shivers playin' up an' down his backbone, I knows dat my work was cut out for me.

The Troubles of Women

As soon's he got in de door he flung hisself down in de chair, an' grabbed his head in his hands, an' let out one of dose day-of-judgment groans. "Mirandy," says he, "I ain't long for dis world. I'se done got my death-warrant."

"Huh!" 'spon's I. "You ain't got nothin' but a bad cold. I'll make you some hot pepper tea, an' you'll be all right in de mornin'."

But wid dat he let out anodder groan. "Heish, woman," he says. "Hit's all right for you to dose yo'self an' de chillern on yarb teas, but I don't want you pro-jeckin' wid me, 'caze my life is vallyable."

Well, after I'd got him in bed, first he was too hot, an' den he was too cold, an' den he thought de kiver was too light, an' den hit was too heavy, an' I kep' a swappin' things till you'd 'a' thought hit was a tradin' match betwixt de blankets an' de quilts, an' first an' last I bet I'se made a acre of mustard plasters an' heated four million gallons of water for foot-baths. Den I asked him if dere was anything else I could do for him, an' he 'spon's no, dere is mighty little to do for a dying man, but he knowed after he was gone hit would be a comfort to me dat I'd done what I could, so maybe I'd better cook him some fried chicken an' pork-chops an' a mess of greens, for he thought he would try to eat a little to keep up his strength.

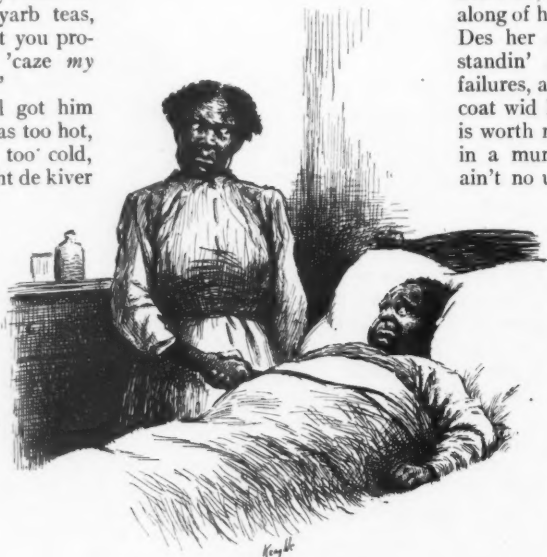
An' all de time Ike was a-moanin' an' groanin' an' prognosticatin' dat he was gwine to die, an' den he called me to him an' took my hand, an' said dat he's afraid dat he ain't been as good a husband to me as he mout 'a' been, dat he's given me a lot of back talk dat he's sorry for now, an' dat he'd feel a heap more easier in his mind, now dat he's done wid dis world, if he'd paid de rent instid

of buyin' May Jane Jones a bonnet an' a segasuatin' round wid her, an' den he asks me to forgive him, an' I 'spon's dat I will, if he dies, but dat if he don't we'll see 'bout dat.

Co'se dere's lots of agrivations an' troubles in bein' a woman, but I ain't one of dem women what is always tearin' out dere hair becaze dey ain't men. Dat I ain't. Petticoats may not be as handy an' convenient for gittin' 'bout him as britches, but, my land, dey's a lot more protection.

Dere ain't nothin' dat woman does, or don't do, dat ain't excused along of her bein' a woman. Des her sect is sort of a standin' apology for her failures, an' a ruffled petticoat wid lace on de aidges is worth more dan an alibi in a murder trial. Dere ain't no use tryin' to con-

vict a good-lookin' woman what's done killed somebody, becaze nobody believes dat she did hit in de first place, an' in de second place dey is convinced dat de person ought to've been killed anyhow, an' in de last place dey think dat



AN' DEN HE ASKS ME TO FORGIVE HIM

a woman ought not to be punished noway, no matter what she does.

An' den when you wants to give anybody back talk, hit shorely does give you de whip-hand to be a woman, lessen you wants to sass yo' husband. If hit is some odder man dat is obliged to remember dat a gentleman can't lift his hand ag'inst a lady dat ain't his own wife you's got him on de run. When dere's any occasion in our house to tell de butcher an' de gas-man dat dey is thieves an' liars an' assassins, I'se de one dat always does hit, becaze if Ike was to specify himself dat way to 'em we'd be mighty liable to need to call in de ambulance. I certainly is argified wid men dat had de expression of "damn" all over 'em, yet all dey did was to grit dere teeth, an' smirk, an' smile at me.

Yessum, hit's a great thing to be a woman. Hit's 'bout de best excuse, goin' an' comin', dat anybody has ever invented yet, an' as for me, when I want protection I'd rather shelter myself behind a real stylish well-hung umpire silk frock dan behind a pile of four-inch steel armor. Dat's where we git good an' even for all de trouble of bein' a woman. You hear me? Yessum.

The Way of the Wind

By Robert Russell

THE sentence was somewhat involved, but no complexity of thought could obscure its meaning. The vicious March wind had borne the sheet of paper almost to my very feet, as I passed through the gate to my country home. The words written there stood out, as dead, black trees stand out in a field of snow:

"Jack! Mid the sorrows of life, when the troubles that come to every woman in greater or less degree seem almost to drive me to the brink of the abyss lying beyond honor, one thought comforts me, and will, until such time as those troubles, sorrows, and strifes have ceased: I love you, and the love of your soul is mine."

The handwriting and the cry—my wife's!

Along the path bordered by the bushes we had planted together I walked, each step a period to a hope-obliterating thought. Our three years of married life; the death of our child; the struggle to make the home our own; my courage, constant only because of her seeming brave happiness; my anxiety caused by her moments of abstraction, of recent development but increasing intensity; and, finally, the sudden realization of the help Jack had always been to us—to me by consistent influence in my profession, to Alice by un-failing sympathy and un-



Drawings by Edward Poucher

IN APPARENT AMAZEMENT HE LEFT

derstanding in her domestic trials. The closing of the door behind me brought an end to this agony of retrospection.

From my room I soon heard the front door close again. Through the window I saw the man on whom my thoughts were fixed hurry down the path and through the gate. The last hope of a possible explanation left me.

Alice came to me there, all tenderness. "Is it your head again, dear? I did not hear you come in; the first time in three years, Joe."

"I think it is my heart, Alice."

"No, Joe, it can't be. You know nothing about your heart. It has been in my possession for three years, and I assure you it is working perfectly."

When she had left me I could scarcely believe the evidence which my senses insisted I should believe—the paper and the written words. Could perfect physical peace come from the caress of one untrue?

For weeks my sleep was broken by this specter of disloyalty which I vainly strove to banish or to hug



SHE GREETED ME AT THE
END OF THE PATH

The Way of the Wind

to my bosom. Each day would bring a firm determination to tell Alice that I knew, but each succeeding resolution was made only to be broken by her tenderness. Finally, late one afternoon when sitting in my office, the man's name was brought to me.

"Joe, you don't know how badly you look," he said. "You are all in. Take a rest for a week."

What an actor he was! Nothing was less like myself than inaction at that moment; nothing less possible than speech.

"Old Cummings said to-day, Joe, that he liked your plans for the library better than any yet submitted to him, and he is coming to see you to-morrow."

I once saw a fireman crushed beneath the timbers of a burning building. In trying to extricate him, a man struck with his ax the fellow's projecting foot. It had been one blow too much. The man had looked as I felt then.

"Tell your friend Cummings," I managed to say, "that I don't want to see him; that I withdraw my plans. And you, come to-morrow at noon, but for God's sake go now."

In apparent amazement he left, muttering something about my need of a rest.

Her radiance was overwhelming as she greeted me at the end of the path through the bushes. *It must end now!* An hour with her would reduce me to the pitiable object Jack's appearance had saved me from becoming.

Her voice startled me. "But you are not listening to a word, Joe, and I thought you would be so happy, and proud."

Words were so useless. I handed her the sheet of paper which the wind had borne to me—the expression of her love for Jack.

The silence was long. Then cool hands pressed my aching head, and a low voice came to me from far away.

"It is a very little story that I want to tell you, Joe. A foolish, selfish girl loved a man

once, and married him. She tried so hard to be brave! At first it was far, far from easy. Then came the death—the death of their little baby. Other sorrows meant nothing after that. The girl saw the man she loved become worn and ill, trying to give her the luxuries, the foolish pleasures she had given up to be with him—trying to make her forget. Finally she ceased blaming herself and began to work and study, and at last, after many, many failures, she accomplished something that seemed to her to be good. She confided in her husband's best



"SHE CONFIDED IN HER HUSBAND'S
BEST FRIEND"

friend, for the thing had to be taken to market, and he understood how to do this far better than she.

"The girl had studied very hard over a portion of the work. One day that part disappeared, but she remembered it, and no harm was done. The man who bought the thing made her change the reconstructed portion, saying, 'She loves too much!' The girl was glad, for she knew it was true."

Her voice no longer came from far away.

The wind had been rising. From the desk by the open window it snatched a slip of paper. Our eyes followed the white thing as it danced across the grass down the path between the bushes.

"I wrote my story at that desk by the open window, Joe."

"I came up that path one windy March evening, Alice."

'Tis Ever Thus!

A TALE OF THE SEASONS

By Penrhyn Stanlaws



"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns"—you know the rest;



But in summer does not love stir just as lightly in his breast?



In the autumn, too, his heart beats time to love's seductive song.



Likewise winter; for, you see, he has this feeling all year long.

Autograph Ghosts

A NEW AND AMUSING FORM OF AUTOGRAPH-COLLECTING IS THE ACQUISITION OF "GHOSTS." HOW PRESIDENT TAFT AND OTHER CELEBRITIES AIDED IN THE FORMATION OF A "GHOST-BOOK"

By Edith Wallace

THE autograph-fiend has a far more amusing fad just now than the mere collecting of ordinary signatures of extraordinary folk, and the newest thing in this hobby necessitates the possession of a "ghost-book" to hold the signatures which portray the "ghosts" of the eminent ones.

These little books are becoming very popular both in London and in New York. They have an advantage over the ordinary autograph-album, because the collecting of signatures has been so overdone that many of the "great ones" have had rubber facsimiles made of their very best autographs—not the kind that appears on their checks—and instead of taking time to respond whenever a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed, all they do

is to pass the letter, request, and envelope over to their secretary—or perhaps it never gets beyond the secretary at all—and the autograph is stamped on in such a manner that it serves the purpose well and saves Mr. Author, Mr. Actor, or Mr. Singer a lot of time and trouble.

But a request for a name in one's ghost-book has a certain novelty about it, and there is, too, considerable curiosity to see just what sort of a ghost one's name will make, so that nearly everyone will take the trouble to picture his ghost for you.

In making the collection for a ghost-book, partially reproduced here, many well-known men and women were asked for ghosts. President and Mrs. Taft were immensely

amused at the idea, and both took the keenest interest in seeing how their ghosts would turn out. The big statesman adjusted his glasses, folded with the utmost precision the paper on which he was to inscribe his ghost, looked around for a stub pen, which, unfortunately, he could not find on his desk in the Hot Springs bungalow, and then he wrote his name and hastily folded back the paper.

"Cannot say that for such a big man as I am in the flesh my ghost cuts such a wide swath," he laughingly remarked as he held the paper up for Mrs. Taft to view. "But anyhow, the smaller one's ghost the better—perhaps," he added.

Mrs. Taft was more pleased with her ghost than she was with that of her husband. "You are more important just now, but my ghost is a far more artistic creature than yours and really more *spirituelle*," she laughed.

It will be noticed that a part of Mrs. Taft's ghost bears a remarkable resemblance to a Masonic emblem.

Miss Mary Garden practised several times on her ghost before she would allow the final one to appear in the writer's ghost-book.

"Ghosts, like everything else, improve by practise, and I look upon my final ghost as a worthy effort," laughed Miss Garden. "In fact, I see the urn above from which my spook must have hopped out," she said, and sure enough, if one will look at the prima-donna's ghost it will be found to be quite true.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was enchanted with her ghost, which she said looked like



PRES. TAFT



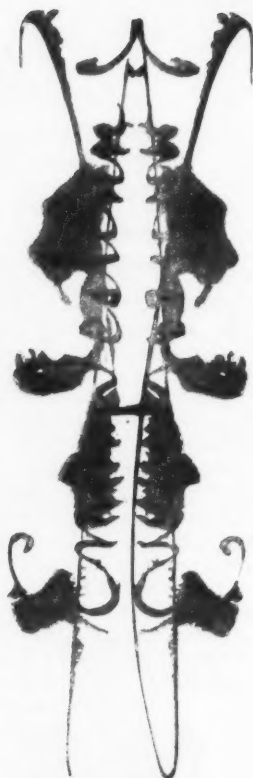
MRS. TAFT



EMMA C. THURSBY



MARY GARDEN



EMMY DESTINN

a veritable butterfly. "How splendid to be so picturesque a ghost!" Miss Farrar commented.

Miss Emma C. Thursby has one of the most remarkable ghosts of all, and for beauty and symmetry it is quite as pleasing as a wrought-iron work design or a Japanese brass candlestick. "I prefer to think of it as something that was designed by the shades of some Japanese artist, which idea I absorbed when I visited some of the great temples in Japan," said Miss Thursby.

Lady Warwick says she doesn't believe in ghosts at all, but she was very much impressed by the appearance of her titled name when her ghost became a reality. "I think I shall design a book-plate out of it. That wouldn't be a bad idea, would it?" the countess added as she viewed the strong, bold writing that formed her signature.

Lady Cosmo Duff-Gordon was enchanted with her ghost, and ghost-collecting has

become such a fad with her that she has purchased a dozen of the little volumes for her friends. "I put my ghost in each one, and I suppose I must be a woman of a number of selves or else there are a number of warring ghosts in my ancestry, for each one of my signatures produced a ghost so totally different from the others that one would scarcely believe that they came from the same name and handwriting. But I am rather pleased with the idea, for what is more prosaic than lack of variety? I have made my fortune by original and diverse designs in the making of frocks," said the titled dressmaker, "so why shouldn't my ghost signatures portray that characteristic?"

When Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," had made her ghost she thought that it bore some resemblance to a tiger and eagerly pointed out its claws. "The tiger is essentially one of my transmigrations, or shall I say manifestations?" remarked Mrs.

Glyn. "Hence my ghost—my tiger ghost. Paul would be pleased with that, wouldn't he?" she added with a smile.

Emmy Destinn, the gifted Bohemian prima-donna from the Royal Opera House, Berlin, who has just finished a brilliant first season in America, said that she could see in her ghost the shades of the late Empress Dowager of China. That fancy may have occurred to her because when she made her ghost the news of the death of the Chinese empress had just been received.

George Bernard Shaw hasn't time for ghosts or interviews or writer folk at all, he says, yet this most inconsistent of men generally gives his interview and sees the writer



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

person, and here we have his ghost. Mr. Shaw generally makes it as uncomfortable as possible for the interviewer before allowing him to be admitted, but after that the genial blue-eyed Irishman is irresistible, and one readily forgives him anything that has seemed rude. The writer sent a note asking for an interview with Mr. Shaw in his chambers just off the Embankment in London last summer, and in response Mr. Shaw characteristically wrote:

MY DEAR MISS —: I will have ten minutes' rest to-morrow some time between eleven and twelve thirty. If you catch me during the ten minutes I will see you. If you stay longer I will throw you out of the window.

GEORGE B. S.



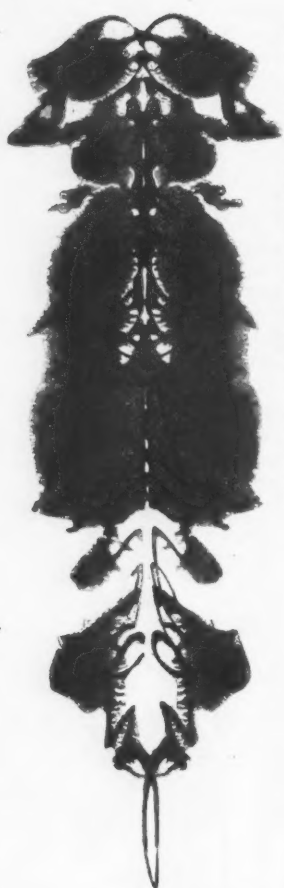
GERALDINE FARRAR



LADY HENRY SOMERSET

Autograph Ghosts

Of course one may just care to have the ghosts of one's friends and not particularly those of people celebrated in the art, literary, or political worlds, and then it will be a simple matter to fill up one's ghost-book, for the making of ghosts will be found to be quite a novelty at a tea or other social affair; and taken along with one's hand-luggage on an ocean voyage a ghost-book will prove the source of endless amusement, while it will make a lasting souvenir of the trip. The ghost-book itself is a small affair that can be gotten in the pocket of an overcoat or can be carried easily in a muff

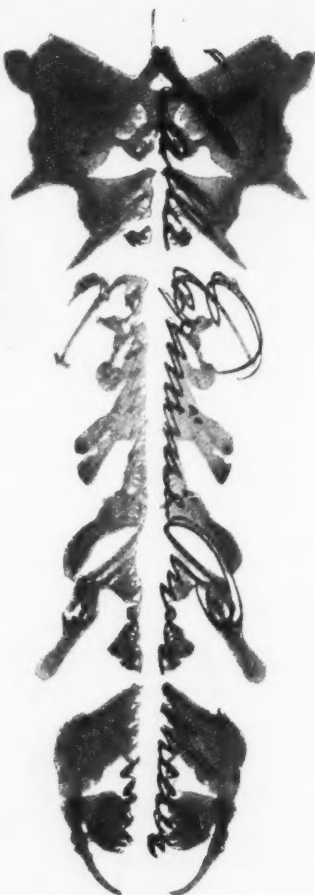


LADY COSMO DUFF-GORDON

The writer went at a quarter to twelve, and Mr. Shaw talked and talked and talked until nearly one o'clock, and not a word was said about the window or the playwright's strong right arm!

For a man of his brusque threats Mr. Shaw has a very mild and diminutive-looking ghost.

Hallie Erminie Rives has a ghost that might be of Oriental origin, for it resembles an antique and elaborately carved vase of Chinese design more than anything else. "Perhaps it is meant for the urn that contains my shades," the novelist laughingly remarked.

COMMANDER
EVANGELINE
BOOTH

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

or big hand-bag, so that one can always take it along without any trouble.

When you ask for a ghost signature you prepare the page for the writing by folding it, and the person whose ghost you are after writes directly on the line of the fold. A stub pen which holds a large amount of ink is best for this purpose, as the size and mystery of the ghost depend largely upon the ink. After the name is written the page is folded together again without blotting, and lo, the ghost appears. Try it and see!

It is not necessary to have a book.

One can have the signatures written on separate sheets of paper and collect them, but care must be taken to use soft paper that will absorb the ink readily. These separate sheets can then be pasted into a scrap-book, but the little ghost-book itself will be found the more convenient. At the top of a page in the ghost-book is a small dotted line for the date, and below appears another line for the writing of the name after the ghost is made, so that after all in a ghost-book one gets a genuine autograph as well as the spook signature.

While several ghost signatures of the same person will often show an apparent wide difference in conformation, owing to the shape of the pen, the flow of the ink, and the amount of pressure used, a more careful scrutiny will make it clear that the chief characteristics hold throughout. The ghost is true to its type.

Who, then, will interpret and reveal the true meaning of our ghost autographs? Here is a new field for investigation and amusement.

With the advent of the ghost-book we

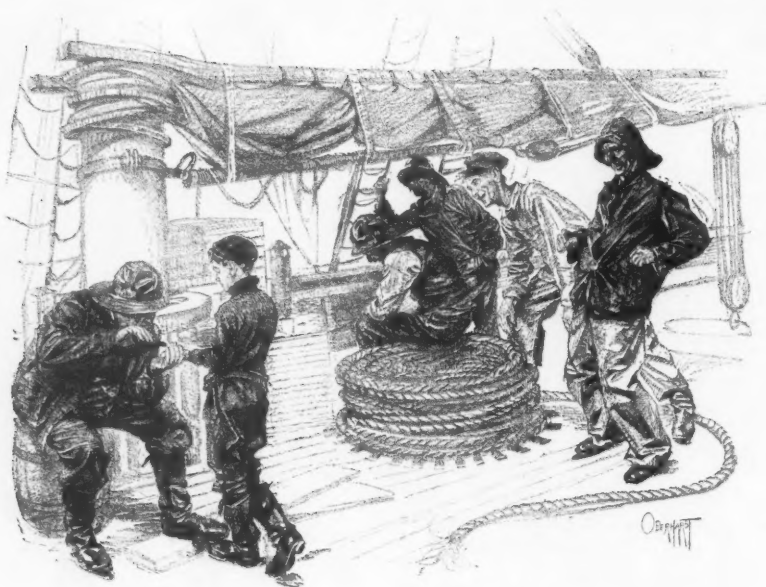


ELINOR GLYN



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

have a new twist to an old, old fad. Travelers in central Europe as early as the fourteenth century used to carry their "Book of Friends," an octavo volume in which names and sentiments were inscribed. On their return home they could show an interesting record of the famous personages they had met. These are the first autograph-albums of which we hear, but the passion for collecting manuscripts and autographs is as old as the history of cultured society, and is not without its romantic side. One of the Ptolemies once paid the starving Athenians in wheat for the privilege of copying some treasured manuscripts of the immortal Greek dramatists. The wretch kept the originals and returned the copies. If it had been the ghost signatures of Euripides and Sophocles that the unscrupulous ruler was after, he would not have found it an easy matter to perpetrate so heartless a trick.



"HE RUBS A LITTLE OF IT ON THE KID'S HAND"

Dan and the Dogfish

By Bailey Millard

Illustrated by William Oberhardt



SPEAKIN' about smack-skippers," said the old fisherman, sitting on the wharf-end, "the' was Cap'n Button o' the *Angel Dolly*. Button was all right, but he did love to tease the men, an' if the' was a green boy aboard he'd make his life mis'able. Wal, we had a good boy on that smack, an' his name was Dan—'bout twelve year old an' not long from a maple-sugar camp in Vairmont. Yeh know a smack-boy allus has a tollable tough time of it fust trip out, an' Dan he got it good an' plenty. It was harmless enough at first, but one day when we has a whalin' big run o' halibut an'

the old man an' Dan is a-fishin' over the rail with hand-lines, the lad he hauls in a big dawgfish, an' while he's tryin' to onhook him the dawggie snaps his teeth shet an' bites a little hunk out o' the boy's hand. The boy he's brave an' don't take on none, but goes on fishin'.

"Why," says Button solemn-like when he finds out what's happened, "that's too bad—too bad."

"Oh, I don't mind it none," says the boy, stickin' his fist into his mouth. "It don't hurt much."

"Yes, it's too bad," says Button, "that a smart, healthy boy like you sh'd git bit by a dawgfish. I don't know how we can spare yeh." An' he winks his sta'board eye to the mate. "Bring me some rum, Jim," he says. "We can rub on a little of it, but that's about all we can do for him."

"The boy perks up at this an' stares wonderin'-like at the skipper, an' then looks at his hand. 'Why,' says he, 'it ain't nawthin' of a bite.'

"'No,' says Button; 'but yeh knows what it means, don't yeh, to git bit by a dawgfish in dawg-days?'

"'No,' says Dan. 'What does it mean?'

"'Hyderphoby. Yes, siree. An' the wust

"'We don't ship boys like that every trip,' says he, turnin' to me, but with one eye on Dan. 'An' I'm awful sorry it happened on my smack. Jest my luck to have a boy bit by a mad dawgfish fust day on the banks. Sorry for his folks, too.'

"'Wal, that boy's gritty all right. He don't say nawthin' for a long time, but stands there stiff as the foremast, kind o'



"'A DAWGFISH CAN'T GIVE YEH HYDERPHOBY ANY MORE THAN
A CATFISH CAN GIVE YEH THE MANGE'"

kind, too. They don't live more'n forty-eight hours after they're bit.'

"'Is that so?' says the lad soft-like an' lookin' kind o' white around the gills.

"'Ain't I a-tellin' yeh?' says the skipper. 'Course it's so. Ain't it, Jim?'

"'That's so,' says Jim Stubbs, the mate, an' the rest of 'em all jines in. An' I don't dast say nawthin' jest then, for it riles the old man to have anybody spile his jokes. Jim he hands the rum to the skipper, an' he rubs a little of it on the kid's hand, sayin' all the while it's too bad to lose sech a bright boy right at the beginnin' o' the cruise, an' wonderin' who he'll git to take his place next time out, an' all that kind o' thing.

bitin' his lip an' lookin' off over the water as though he's thinkin' of his mother.

"'Forty-eight hours, yeh says, Cap'n?' says he at last. 'I s'pose yeh'll have to bury me at sea. The sharks—be they very thick 'roun' here?'

"'Thicker'n matches in a box,' says the old man, 'an' the way they tears people what falls overboard is turrible.'

"'I sees him a-winkin' out o' his port lamp, an' I sees the unfeelin' mate a-laughin' to hisself an' some o' the other men holdin' on to their sides. But it don't seem much like a ticklin' business to me, tryin' to skeer the life out of a nerry lad like that. An' he was nerry, too.

Dan and the Dogfish

"Feels kind o' funny," says he, lookin' over the starn, 'to have only forty-eight hours to live. That's only two little days, ain't it? I thought I'd grow up to be a big man,' says he, goin' on sorrowful-like, 'an' mebbe be a schooner-cap'n myself some day; but I guess the's enough of 'em 'thout me. When it comes to the hyderphoby part does it hurt much?"

"Hurt? Don't it though?" says that cold-blooded squid of a skipper. He winks ag'in, an' that brute mate he turns away with his sides a-shakin', an' another chap nearly falls into the hold with the halibut, he's so tickled. Oh, what a good time they has!

"Wal, the more they baits the poor lad the hotter I gits, an' when Danny he says, 'I feel kind o' queer—guess I'll go below,' an' turns into the fo'castle, an' they all busts out laughin' an' slaps each other on the back an' the old man he haw-haws through that sandy beard o' hisn, I gits hotter an' hotter. But jest then one o' the dories gits into trouble with its trawl, an' I has to go an' help straighten things out. It's 'way after grub-time when I gits back an' dark, too, an' the sky's thickenin' up. I has my supper to eat an' so many halibut to handle I kind o' fergits 'bout Dan an' his hyderphoby, but before I turns in I goes over to where he's layin' in his bunk, wide awake, a-waitin' to be attacked by the first fit.

"Say, Mr. Verity," says he to me, 'I wish yeh'd write a letter to my mother after they feed me to the sharks. Make it kind o' easy for her, won't yeh?"

"Look a-here," says I quiet-like, 'cause I don't want the men to know I'm sp'ilin' the fun, 'yeh ain't a-goin' to die, my boy—nawthin' o' the sort."

"Ain't I?" says he, sittin' up in his



"LOOKIN' AS IF HE WAS A
HUNDRED YEARS OLD"

bunk wonderin'-like.

"Naw! A dawgfish can't give yeh hyderphoby any more than a catfish can give yeh the mange. Yeh're all right, son."

"Is that so?" says he joyful-like. 'Is it really so? Yeh ain't a-foolin' me, be yeh? My hand hurts like thunder.'

"Course it does," says I; 'but that's only nateral. Oh, naw; yeh ain't goin' to die. I been bit by 'em lots o' times. Yeh're all right.'

"I guess I am," says he. 'I feel a lot better already. But that cap'n—he thought it was a lot o' fun skeerin' me, didn't he? I'm a-goin' to git even with him. I'm a-goin'—'

"Jest you leave him to me," says I. For I callalates it's 'bout time somebody done somethin' to heave out a laugh on the other side. Purty soon I goes up on deck to where the old man is a-settin' aft, smokin' his pipe. When he sees me he begins to laugh an' he

says: 'Wa'n't that kid skeered purty nigh stiff, though? Hyderphoby! Ho, ho! huh, huh! haw, haw!' An' he slaps his leg an' laughs ag'in.

"Yes," says I quiet-like. 'It's shoals o' fun to make a boy sick by nearly skeerin' the socks off'n him.'

"Sick!" laughs the skipper. 'Naw, he ain't sick, unless mebbe jest 'cause we're here rollin' at anchor.'

"Wal," says I, 'the boys says he's been actin' kind o' queer. Yeh know a feller what believes he's a-goin' to die inside o' forty-eight hours sometimes does take on a little strange. I knowed a feller once,' says I, 'in Bawston what was skeered purty bad—he was full o' 'magination, yeh know, jest like Danny—an' that feller when he gits skeered enough he ups an' shoots hisself.'

"Oh, Danny wouldn't do anything like

that,' says the skipper, kind o' thoughtful-like. 'He's got too much sense. Have yeh seen him lately, Josh?' says he, his jaw droppin' a little an' his eyes a-starin' off into the fog.

"Not sence he was bit by the dawggie," says I, lookin' straight at him. 'Probably asleep in his bunk by this time.'

"Sure," says he nairvous-like. 'Mebbe I'd better go down an' rub a little rum onto his hand. Them bites *does* hurt purty bad sometimes.'

"If I was you, Cap'n," says I, grinnin' into the fog, 'cause I sees I got him goin' at last, 'I'd let the kid sleep.'

"But," says he, 'rum takes out the sting, yeh know.'

"Then I laughs out good an' hard an' says, 'Wa'n't he skeered though, Cap'n, when yeh told him 'bout the hyderphoby? Funniest thing I ever seen!' An' I roars out like a porpus, though he don't know what I'm laughin' at. But *he* don't laugh none, but gits out his rum an' makes straight for the fo'castle, me a-follerin' him.

"Here, Dan, says he, gruff-like, when he gits to the lad's bunk, 'let me rub a little more o' this on to yer hand. It's mighty good for bites like that. Why, where *is* he?' he yells all of a sudden, startin' back when he sees the boy's bunk is empty. 'Have any o' you men seen him?' The boys they wakes up an' they yorns an' says naw, they ain't seen him sence he went to his bunk at turnin'-in-time.

"Where *is* he?' gasps Button, turnin' sickly pale.

"Oh, he's around somewheres," says I, grinnin' on his port side. 'Mebbe he's gone forrad to talk to the lookout.' So him an' me we goes

forrad an' looks clean out to the end o' the bowsprit.

"No," says he, 'he ain't here.' Then he scoots aft an' looks all around in the waist an' starn an' even down into his own cabin an' under his bunk, me a-sujestin' all the while other places where the boy might 'a' gone, which is down in the hold or in the galley or up aloft. An' the old man he's so plumb wild an' shivery by this time that he don't know what he's doin', but goes rum-magin' around with a lantern in his hand in all kinds o' corners an' into the dories, runnin' from one place to another an' yellin': 'Danny! Danny! Danny! Where *be* yeh, Danny?' But the' ain't no reply.

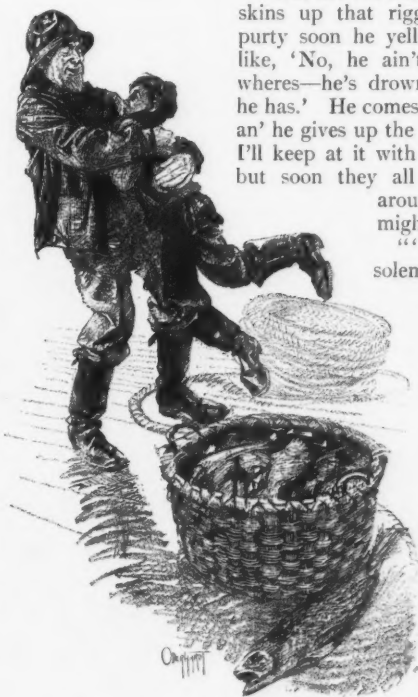
"Great Gawd!" he fin'ly yells out. 'He's jumped overboard, that's what he has—an' it's all my fault! I skeered him to it, that's what I done!'

"Oh, no, Cap'n," says I, which I'm nearly chokin' for joy to see him so worked up. 'He's somewheres aboard—mebbe up in that foretop. I'll go up an' look for him.'

"But the old man he brushes me aside an' skins up that riggin' like a monkey, an' purty soon he yells down awful mournful-like, 'No, he ain't up here—he ain't nowhere—he's drownded hisself, that's what he has.' He comes down pale an' tremblin', an' he gives up the search, which I tells him I'll keep at it with Jim an' the other boys, but soon they all gives it up an' hangs around the skipper, lookin' mighty small an' cheap.

"Boys," says he, awful solemn-like, 'I want yeh all to bear witness when the time comes that I was good to the lad. The' ain't no use sayin' nawthin' about the dawgfish business. Dan he jest fell overboard—remember that—an' sunk under the smack an' we couldn't git him. An' say, boys, I don't want to see no more cuttin' up an' prankin' aboard this smack. Yeh see what it leads to when it's carried too far.'

"Yes, Cap'n," says the mate, 'but yeh—'



"THROWS HIS ARMS AROUND THAT BOY,
A FAIRLY YELLIN' FOR JOY"

Woodland Love Song

"Shet up!" roars the skipper. 'Yeh needn't rub it into me. I got enough this time. Sech a nice boy, an' he's gone an' drowneded hisself.' He sets there on deck all night, lookin' out into the fog, an' startin' up once in a while an' jumpin' to the rail an' then goin' back an' settin' down mighty heavy an' sorrowful-like, lookin' as if he was a hundred years old. I sees all this, 'cause it's my watch, an' I lets him do it, 'cause I knows it's good for his soul.

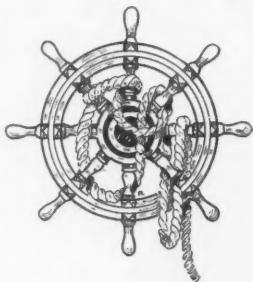
"But early in the mornin' I lifts the old piece o' sailcloth off'n the end o' the bar'l up forrad where Dan has been sleepin' very comfortable on my oilers, an' him an' me goes aft to where the skipper is a-settin', pale as the under side of a flounder, an' the old man he springs up an' rushes over an' throws his arms around that boy, a fairly yellin' for joy, an' I sings out: 'Wal, Cap'n, sunlight is better'n lantern-light any time for findin' lost kids, ain't it? He couldn't sleep

in his bunk he was so skeered. So he went on deck an' lay in a bar'l. I've jest told him he's all right—that yeh was only stringin' him—an' he's mighty glad he ain't a-goin' to die.'

"The old man he don't say nawthin'—don't ast no questions. But I sees two big tears a-tricklin' down his sandy beard as he hugs the kid. When the boy struggles out o' his arms Button he goes to his cabin, an' the's a mighty lively spring in his old sea-legs.

"When I sees him ag'in it's after I comes in with a dory full o' halibut. 'Cap'n,' says I, 'I got bit by a dawgfish while I was a-haulin', an' I want a little rum to rub onto it. I'm afeard o' hyderphoby.'

"Damn the dawgfish!" he roars out. 'But yeh can have the rum. I never wants to hear nawthin' about no dawgfish ag'in,' says he as he hands me the bottle. 'Keep it all. I've tore that leaf out o' my log. Understan'?' An' I understood."



Woodland Love Song

By Eunice Tietjens

HARK to the woodland, the low, thrilling hum of it,

Hark to the message that sings in the pine!

Love lies before us, the whole golden sum of it;

Come what may come of it,

Here you are mine!

Love of life, life of love, here we are part of it,

Here where the wood-odor moves me like wine.

Pure thrill of living, the joy and the smart of it,

Deep in the heart of it,

Here you are mine!

Yield me your lips, love, that make me the thrall of you,

Yield me them glowing, half shy, half divine.

Love, how my being cries out at the call of you!

Oh, give me all of you,

Mine, all, all mine!

